

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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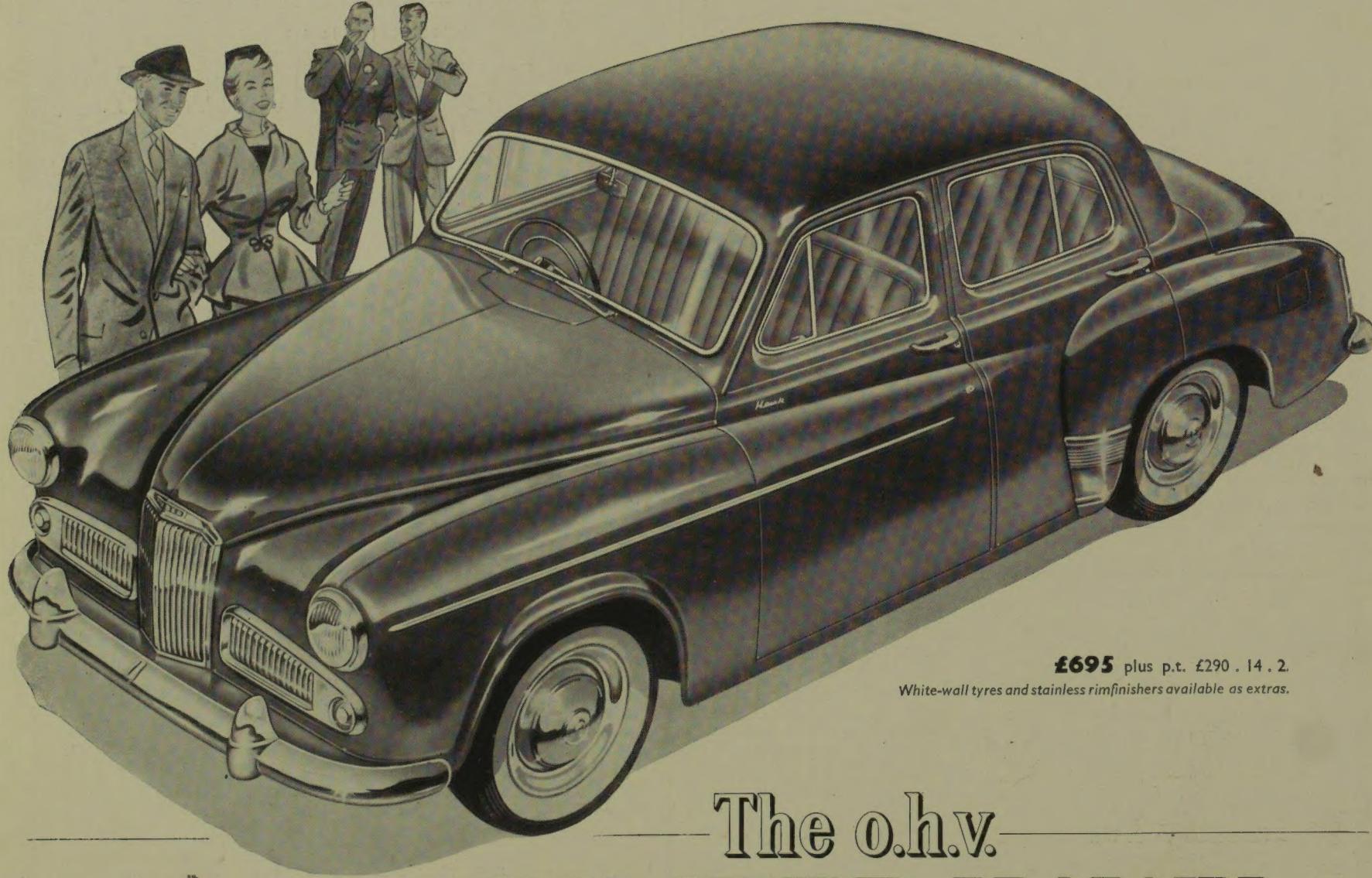
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"Come
in
now...
it's time
for
tea!"



That call from Mother marks the end of a beautiful day for little Susie. At her age a day seems like eternity, so she's not very eager to leave the seaside pleasures of sand and surf. But there'll be plenty more days by the sea for Susie. For when you live in England you are never more than seventy miles from the sea and seaside holidays are part of the English way of life. Frequently it's cold, often it rains, but we love it. That is why, when we think of abstract words like Peace, Freedom and Security we so often colour them with memories of quiet summers by the sea. But now we are grown up. We realise that no one can enjoy leisure without security. We know that security, like a house, must be built, bought and kept in good repair.

This is what makes the famous Hawker Siddeley Group of companies so important to Britain and their responsibilities so great. Each year, aircraft and aero engines designed and perfected by Group companies prove their excellence under the testing conditions of regular service with the Air Forces of the Free World. More than 60,000 skilled workers, technicians and aeronautical engineers man the vast production facilities of the Hawker Siddeley Group to make the essential implements of national security. This remarkable combination of men, machines and money is indeed a formidable bastion, a guarantee that as long as there is an England, there will always be summers by the sea for ourselves and our children.



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Hawker Siddeley Group

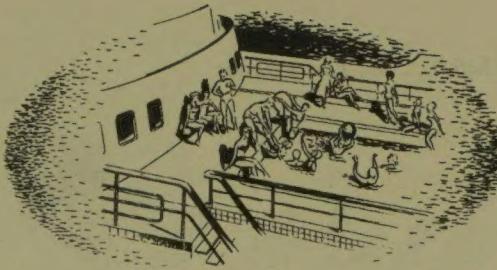
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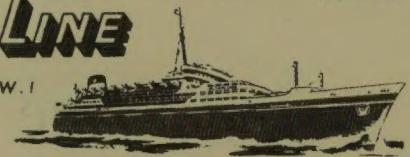
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WHO DOUBTS THESE CONFIDENT EYES?

They're the eyes of a man who knows his job, eyes that reflect years of training and experience, the eyes of a garage fitter—your garage man. Trust him when he tells you the brakes of your car should be checked every 2,500 miles. He's thinking of your safety—and your pocket too, because properly adjusted brake linings last longer.

When, at long last, he has to reline your brakes, he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel as proof of his confidence in the reliability, safety and toughness of Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

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FERODO

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Expert advice on brakes
MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY



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have been fitted.

* WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?

Known to racing men for years, "Fade" is a form of sudden loss of efficiency in brakes after a period of overwork. Your safety, like the racing driver's, lies in Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings—and in giving your garage man a chance to keep a check on your brakes for you.

FERODO LIMITED · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation

You know
what
they're getting

It's good to have some beer at home when friends drop in. But how much better when you can be sure, as you open the bottle, that that beer will be in first-class condition—as you always can be sure with Whitbread's Pale Ale.

What a fine beer this is—brewed with a skill born of long experience. It is bottled only by Whitbread. That is why, wherever you buy a bottle of Whitbread's, you know you can rely on its quality and condition.

Your friends will be glad that you laid in some beer. But they'll be happier still—

when you
offer them



WHITBREAD
the best of the light ales

It's a delight to drive a ROVER...

because of its exceptional smoothness and stability at all speeds and on all surfaces. Ruts and pot-holes that look vicious at twenty yards seem almost non-existent as the car flows over them.

because it is such an easy and responsive car to handle. Test for yourself its perfect manners in the thickest traffic... its instant and uncomplaining obedience to your hand or foot.

because of the meticulous attention paid to driver and passenger comfort. Long runs on tight schedules hold no terrors for the owner of "one of Britain's fine cars."

because of its likeable habit of keeping quiet about its power. Even at high speeds, the sound of the engine is no more obtrusive than a distant murmur.

Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.



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A carpet adds charm, colour and comfort to a room. Makes it a delight to enter; a joy to live in. BMK carpets are guaranteed all wool pile and BMK also guarantee to make good any damage by moth. One of the carpets from the BMK collection is sure to fit into your pattern of living.



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The improved DAIMLER CONQUEST SALOON

An extremely important feature of the 1955 standard model of the Daimler Conquest Saloon is a modification of the seating which allows 4 inches more leg space for rear-seat passengers. This improvement in seating accommodation makes this fine model outstandingly comfortable and roomy and access is now even easier by virtue of wider opening doors. There are, in addition, several



interior embellishments. The new model is, of course, just as great a performer as its famous prototype, having a top speed of over 80, acceleration from 0-60 in 20.4 seconds and a fuel consumption ranging from 26.5 mpg at 30 to 21 mpg at 60! The price is £1511.5.10 inclusive.

has 4" more rear-seat leg space!



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1955.



DISASTER ON THE RAILWAY: THE MANGLED WRECK OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN WHICH WAS DERAILED AT SUTTON COLDFIELD AND CRASHED CAUSING THE DEATH OF AT LEAST 17 PEOPLE AND INJURING MANY MORE.

The 12.15 p.m. express from York to Bristol with 300 people aboard was derailed in the station at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, at 4.15 p.m. on January 23. The engine left the track, followed by nine of the ten coaches. At the time of writing seventeen people are reported to have been killed and more than thirty injured. The train, which normally travels via Tamworth, had been re-routed on a loop line through Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, because of alterations being made to the permanent way near Tamworth. The engine, tender and the first five coaches fell on to their side and the remainder of the train was held partly

upright by the roof of the station platform. The leading coaches were telescoped and badly damaged. Had it not been for the action of a railway fireman and a ticket inspector who were travelling in the wrecked train, there might have been another and worse disaster. Fireman Derek Smith, of Derby, on the instructions of travelling ticket inspector Attenborough, made his way into the unoccupied signal-box at Sutton Coldfield and set all the signals at danger; he then placed detonators in the path of an oncoming express, the 3.55 from Birmingham to York, which pulled up some 200 yards from the wreckage.



THE DAY AFTER THE RAILWAY CRASH: A SCENE AT SUTTON COLDFIELD STATION AFTER A GIANT CRANE HAD LIFTED THE WRECKED ENGINE ON TO A PLATFORM.

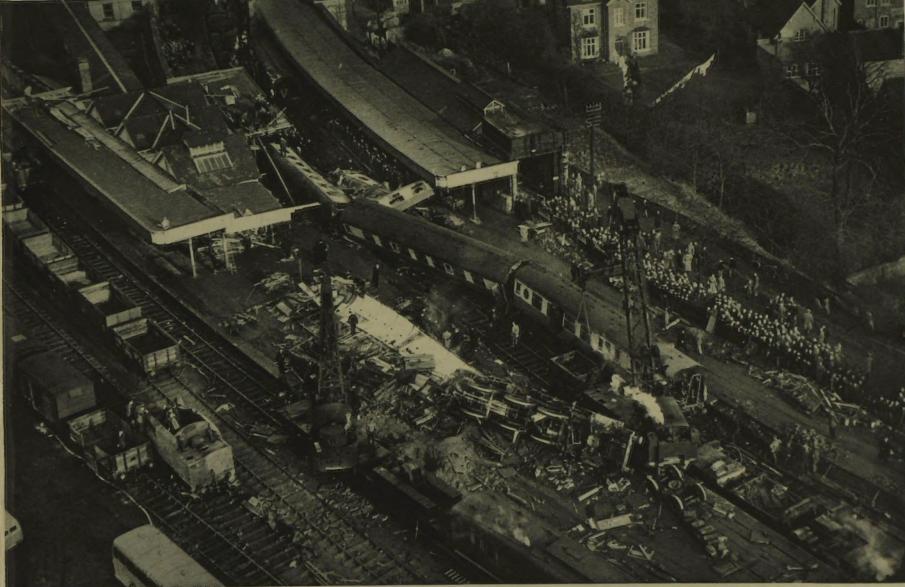


THE NIGHT OF THE CRASH: THE TERRIBLE SCENE IN THE STATION, SHOWING COACHES LYING ON THEIR SIDES AND A CRANE WORKING BY FLOODLIGHT.

THE SUTTON COLDFIELD TRAIN DISASTER: VIEWS OF THE MANGLED WRECKAGE

Many hours after an express train from York to Bristol plunged off the rails while passing through Sutton Coldfield at 4:15 p.m. on January 23, rescue workers were cutting their way through the coaches of the wrecked train. Men with crowbars, sledge-hammers, pickaxes and acetylene burners made their way through the debris, and breakdown cranes worked non-stop moving tons of wreckage.

Two giant cranes dragged the 150-ton engine to the station platform, where much of the stonework had been crushed to dust. In the cab the "pilot" driver, who had been detailed for special duty to take the express over the diversionary route, was found dead, and also the fireman. The other driver, who survived the crash, was injured and had been taken to hospital previously. The first man to give the alarm



FROM THE AIR: A VIEW OF THE TANGLED MASS OF WRECKAGE IN SUTTON COLDFIELD STATION AS RESCUE WORKERS TOILED TO CLEAR THE DEBRIS.



AFTER THE CRASH: WRECKAGE ON A PLATFORM AT SUTTON COLDFIELD AND A TELESCOPED COACH WHICH BROUGHT DOWN PART OF THE ROOF.

AND TELESCOPED COACHES IN THE STATION AFTER THE DERAILMENT AND CRASH.

after the crash was a nineteen-year-old Marine Commando, who was thrown on to the line. He smashed a station door, Sutton Coldfield Station being closed and deserted at the time, and dashed to the nearest telephone, where he gave the alarm before going on to the police station. Soon ambulances, a mobile surgical unit, police, firemen and other rescuers had arrived on the scene. A casualty

clearing station was set up on the platform and doctors treated the injured as they were carried from the wreckage. Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, left his home in Gloucestershire when he was told of the crash and travelled to Sutton Coldfield. The Queen sent a message of sympathy to the injured and the relatives of those who were killed.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is quite a change to find something in the newspapers about some subject that really matters—that will still matter, that is, as much in ten or fifty or a hundred years as to-day. So I suppose that one ought not to cavil at the public excitement aroused by the recent B.B.C. talks entitled "Morals Without Religion." The lady who delivered these lectures has had almost as much publicity as Miss Barbara Kelly or Miss Marilyn Monroe. It was not that her talks were at all out of the ordinary in the quality either of their thought or delivery. But the authoritative statement by a lady with an authoritative voice over the nation's broadcasting system that there was no God, and that He was only a myth, like Santa Claus, proved a major broadcasting sensation. The effect on the unprepared listener, coming after the customary solemnity of the announcer's introduction, was startling in the extreme. It was rather like seeing the Prime Minister on television making a speech at the Mansion House standing on his head.

The question, of course, has arisen as to whether the B.B.C. ought to provide talks attacking religion or, to be more precise, attacking the accepted religion of this country, for, though the lady apparently disapproves of all religion, the real subject of her attack was Christianity. The argument that has been advanced on behalf of the Corporation is that it is its business, by broadcasting every opinion, to help men ascertain the truth, and that since truth is many-sided, no sincere contention or expression of opinion should ever be barred from the public microphone of which it is the sole guardian. Is this, however, really so? Would the B.B.C. deem it its duty to broadcast a series of talks, however sincere and serious, attacking the monarchy, or proclaiming the right to steal, or advocating free love, or even an unpopular creed like Communism? I have certainly never heard any of these being advocated through the chaste and loyal microphones of Broadcasting House—and I have been a fairly regular listener to its programmes for the past thirty years. Attacks on the monarchy and on public morality are from time to time made in the Press; one particular newspaper group frequently indulges in what seems to be exceedingly unfair oblique criticism of the Royal family, while a number of other popular newspapers, if they never actually advocate free love, go to considerable lengths, and not, I should have thought, without success, to stimulate it. But not so the B.B.C., and when one of its comedians, momentarily forgetting that he is on holy ground, indulges in a doubtful joke or even makes an irreverent wisecrack about such a sacred subject as a Cabinet Minister, there is usually a public apology and, almost invariably, a stern directive from the higher directorate that such liberties are not to be indulged in again.

In other words, though the publication of matter that gives public offence and pain to many is permitted to other mediums of popular information and entertainment, the B.B.C. clearly considers that there are subjects about which it is its duty to be invariably silent or reticent. And if the Corporation was to reply, that having been granted a monopoly of the air by the nation's representatives, it is under an obligation not to undermine public morality or the nation's faith in itself, it would, I think, be putting its true position not unfairly. Presentation of the different facets of truth by broadcasting is one of its functions; so is the provision of popular news and amusement; so even is the diffusion of highbrow culture. Yet all these ends, and a great many others, have to be pursued subject to certain overriding principles and rules; the B.B.C., though not the voice of the British Government, is the voice of Britain itself, and those who direct its policy are deeply and, I think, rightly conscious of the fact. It may perhaps be a little humiliating for a broadcasting philosopher in search of pure truth to be told that he can only search for it on the air so long as he "does not let the side down"; it reduces the higher thought, no doubt, to a rather terrestrial, if not, public-school level! But those who become Governors and Director-Generals and top-level administrators of the B.B.C. will be found, whatever their other differences, to have this belief in their functions and duties in common: that there are some things which would seriously offend public opinion, and that they are there to see, *inter alia*, that the public, which cannot reply to the B.B.C. in kind, is not seriously offended. And if anyone approaches the Corporation with a talk, however well-constructed, clever or entertaining, advocating, let us say, the political philosophy of the Regicides or the moral conduct of a Casanova or Fagin, he will find that

I am right. And there is an excellent reason for this. A monologue delivered by a speaker over the wireless can have, if it shocks or offends the listener, an effect many times greater than the same statement delivered on a platform or read in a book or newspaper. A familiar or acceptable statement makes no more impact on the mind delivered over the radio than through any other medium of publicity. But a statement calculated to shock does. Anyone who has heard the unexpected announcement on the wireless of some item of news of tragic national import will realise what I mean. On those occasions the B.B.C. speaks with the accents of doom.

The B.B.C.'s admission of a talk attacking the nation's traditional and established faith, and declaring it to be a myth in which no really intelligent person can believe, is, therefore, something of a portent. It suggests that while the Corporation regards the Crown, parliamentary and democratic institutions, the legal ownership of property and the marriage tie as subjects far too sacred to be attacked over the air, this no longer applies to belief in God and the Christian religion. I am not sure how the Corporation would explain the reason for this distinction—for permission to give this particular talk must presumably have been given at a very high administrative level. But I suppose it would do so by arguing that, while the overwhelming majority of people in Britain believe in the monarchy, Parliament and the

sanctity of property and sexual morality, and would be exceedingly shocked if any of these were to be assailed over the air, this no longer applies to belief in God. There are so many people in modern Britain who do not any longer believe in God, it may argue, that it is no longer an offence against public sensibility to let someone say so through the monopoly microphones of Broadcasting House. This may be so—I do not know whether it is or not—but it is, at any rate, a pretty serious admission, even by the Corporation's standards of what is still sacred. For if I do not grossly misread their history, our monarchy, our Parliament, our ideas of right and wrong all grew out of a belief in God and in what the B.B.C.'s lady lecturer dismissed as the antiquated and childlike Christian myth. And if the trunk from which the branches grew is not worth preserving, how much longer can one expect the branches to stay without falling?

For though the outward forms of dogma and traditional belief may change from age to age, the fundamental belief in a spiritual power higher than man and more enduring, and demanding his inner awareness and obedience, seems to me to be inseparable from those modes of conduct that we call morality. It is a sign, I believe, of a profound intellectual weakness to believe that morality can stand

without religion; all history testifies that it does not and cannot. It may for a little while; it may in a few exceptional people—and even then only as a result of conditions created by religious faith—but the temptations and weaknesses of ordinary men and women are far too great for them to be able to resist and overcome without faith in something, both outside and inside themselves, which for want of a better word we call God. When we were moved, as most of us were profoundly, by the spectacle on television of the Queen at her crowning, we were witnessing, not merely a beautiful and historical ceremony, but a fellow human being upon whom a supreme responsibility had been placed, humbly seeking—and, I think, receiving—strength from a divine Power outside herself. Men can exist without faith, and so can nations, but never for long, and never under major strain. In fact, God might be described—in human and therefore utterly inadequate terms—as the common denominator that enables man to endure beyond his own sticking-point.

That mysterious strength, or the lack of it, can be experienced but never wholly explained. No mortal can define God. To attempt to do so in terms of the intellect is as vain as the attempt to disprove God by the same means. I have little faith, indeed, in the power of my intelligence to find truth. But I know enough of my own unfathomable weakness to realise that whatever helps a man to experience God is a prop to our frail and gossamer natures not lightly to be thrown away. This is why faith, in whatever form, is so precious, even when the intellectual grounds of it to someone who does not possess it may seem absurd. To do or say needlessly anything that undermines the faith of others seems both a very perilous and a very unkind thing to do.

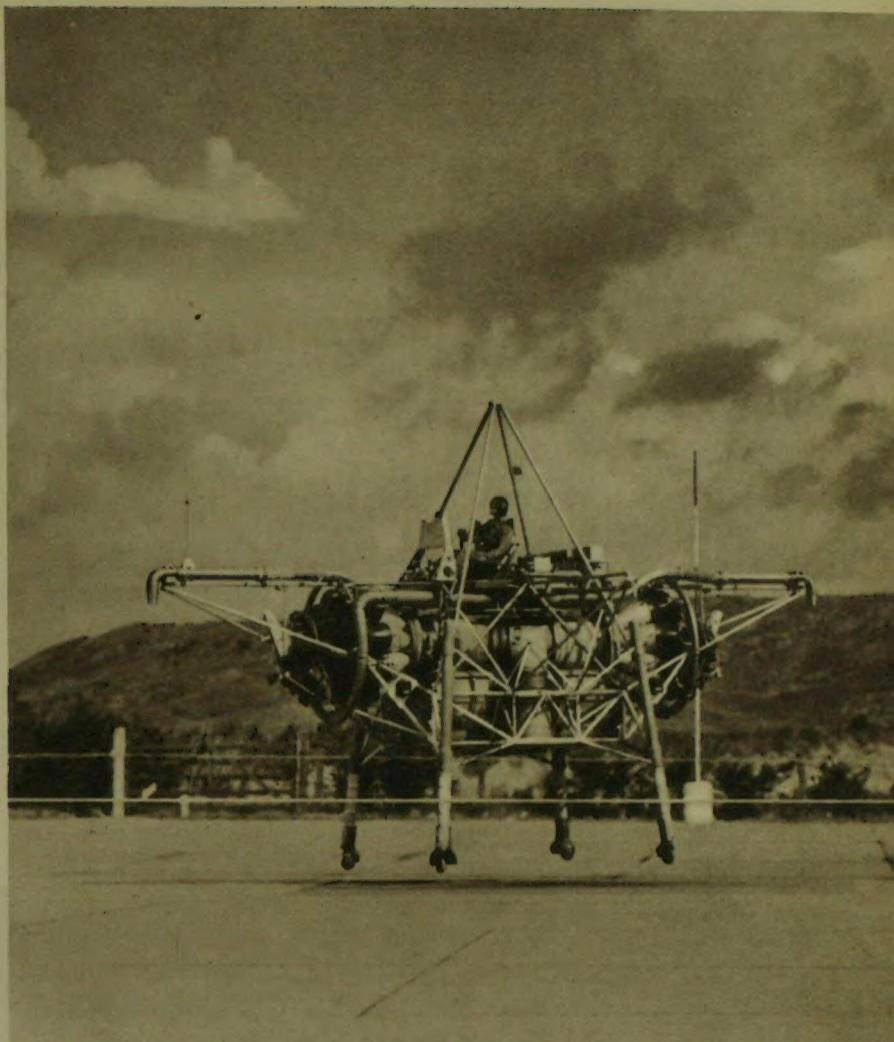


THE NEW SOUTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP AT HER MOORING: AN AIR VIEW OF THE £100,000 VESSEL WHICH REPLACES THAT LOST, WITH ALL SEVEN OF HER REGULAR CREW, IN THE GREAT GALE OF NOVEMBER 26 LAST YEAR.

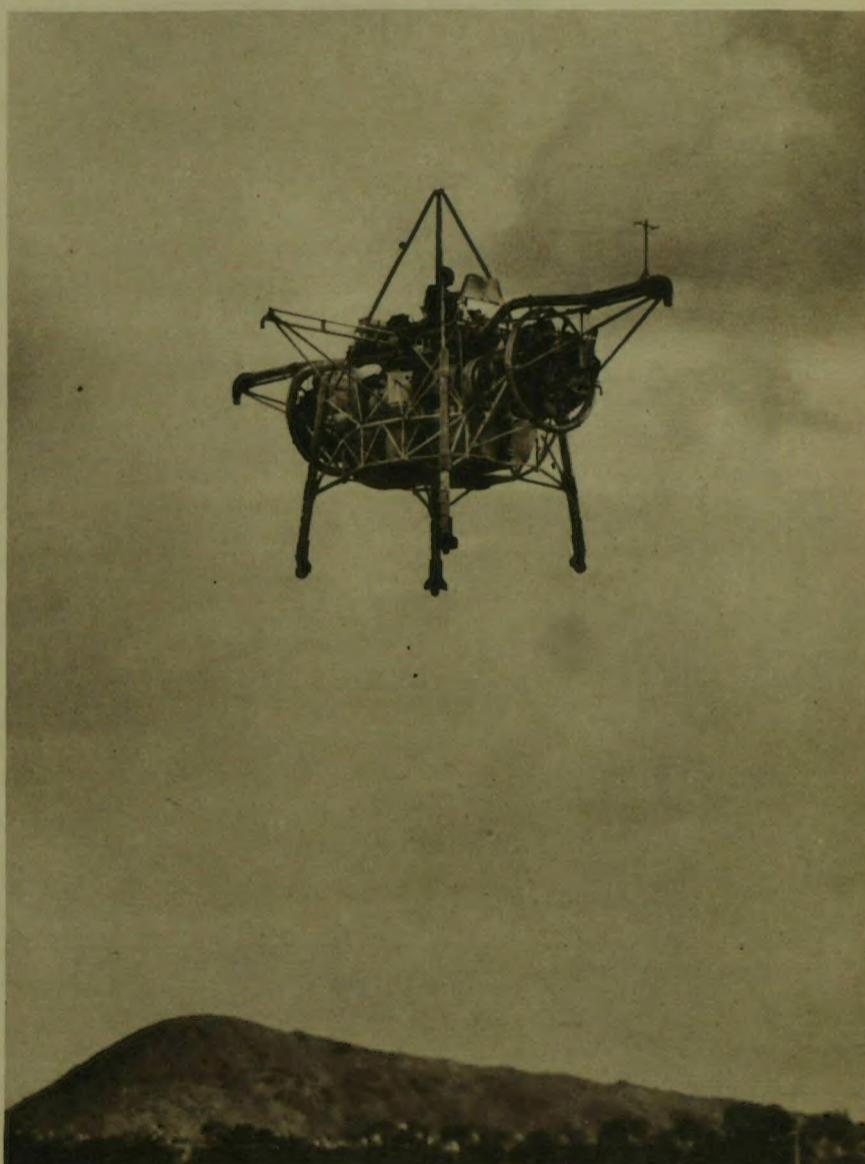
The wreck of the South Goodwin Lightship, with the loss of all seven members of her regular crew, occurred on November 26, 1954, in a violent gale. After the loss of the lightship a temporary signal buoy was immediately placed in position, and shortly afterwards an emergency lightship was towed from Harwich to the South Goodwin position. The permanent new South Goodwin Lightship is now at her moorings, and occupies a position a mile further south than the old one, thought to have a better holding ground. She was completed at a Dartmouth shipyard at a cost of £100,000, and was originally intended for the Seven Stones, west of Land's End. It will be remembered that when the former lightship was wrecked, one man, a Ministry of Agriculture research scientist, was rescued by a helicopter of the United States Air Force. The pilot, Captain Curtis E. Parkins, has been awarded the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's silver medal for gallantry. He is the first pilot of an aircraft ever to receive a medal for gallantry from the Institution.



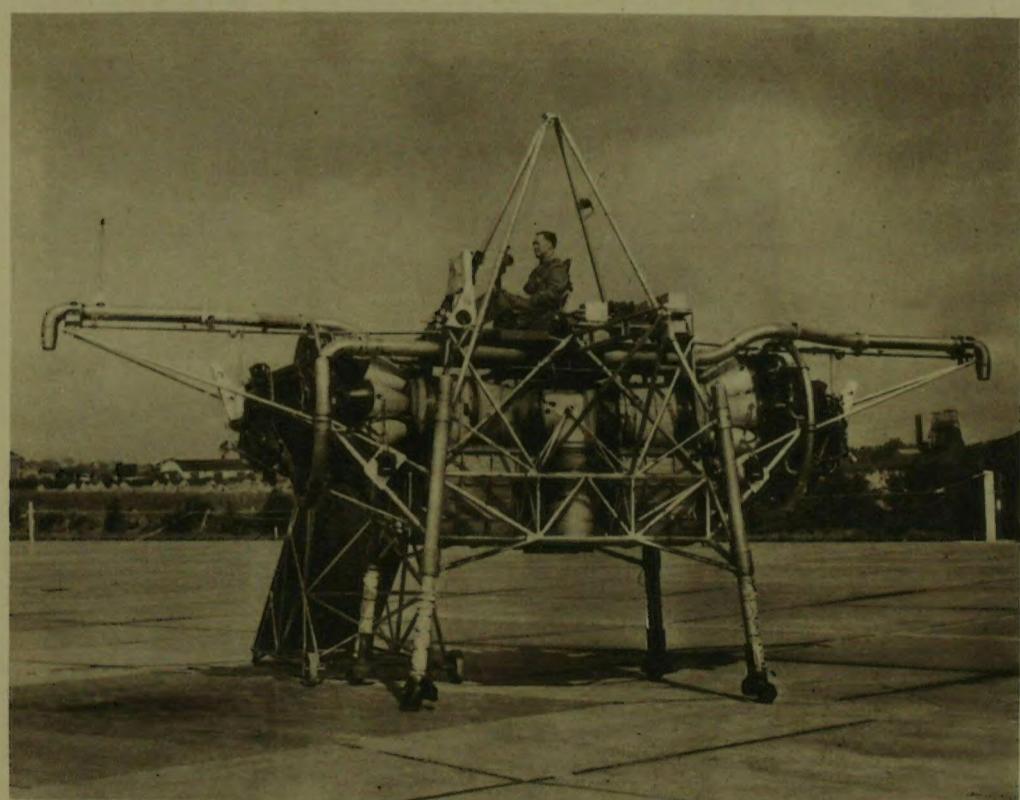
THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD" IN FLIGHT—BALANCED ON TOP OF A DOWNWARD COLUMN OF AIR FROM TWO ROLLS-ROYCE NENE JETS DUCTED DOWNTOWARDS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EARLY TESTS.



THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD" A FEW INCHES OFF THE GROUND, AT HUCKNALL, NOTTS.
IT WAS FIRST FLOWN TETHERED, BUT LATER FLEW FREE, REACHING 25 FT.



THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD" CAN PITCH, ROLL AND YAW AS THE PILOT REQUIRES,
THIS CONTROL BEING ACHIEVED BY MEANS OF THE COMPRESSED AIR NOZZLES,
FORWARD AND AFT OF THE MACHINE.



IN CLOSE-UP, WITH THE PILOT SITTING ON HIS PLATFORM BETWEEN THE TWO NENES. THE
TWO LONG PIPES (LEFT AND RIGHT) CARRY COMPRESSED AIR BLED FROM BOTH ENGINES.

THE FANTASTIC "FLYING BEDSTEAD" IN FLIGHT: NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF A REVOLUTIONARY BRITISH INVENTION.

The first public announcement of a revolutionary British aircraft without wings or rotor which could rise vertically from the ground in a horizontal position, was made by Mr. Duncan Sandys on Sept. 6 last; and in our issue of October 2 we published the first photograph of this fantastic machine in flight. A Press showing of a film of the machine in flight was arranged for January 26, but no further details of it other than those already released were expected. The aircraft, if such it can be called, was developed by the Rolls-Royce Company on a Ministry of Supply contract and was known as a Vertical Take Off (V.T.O.) machine until this name was completely superseded by the apt nickname "Flying Bedstead." It consists

of two Rolls-Royce *Nene* engines mounted in horizontal opposition on a light frame. The two jets are ducted downwards through 90 degs., the aircraft being supported in the air somewhat like a ping-pong ball on a jet of water. Control is achieved by means of compressed air bled from both engines and discharged through nozzles at the ends of the cross arms, forward and aft of the machine. Officially the "Flying Bedstead" has reached a height of 25 ft., but there have been rumours of its reaching 100 ft. Much development remains to be done, especially in the problems of heat, noise and safety, and the production of especially suitable engines to exploit this new principle in conventional aircraft.



NIGERIA'S FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OPENED : THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR JOHN MACPHERSON, ARRIVING TO MAKE HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE ON JANUARY 12.

On January 12 a large crowd gathered in Lagos when the Governor-General of Nigeria, Sir John Macpherson, formally opened the first session of the Federal House of Representatives under the amended Constitution. The Governor-General read a message from the Queen in which she expressed her confidence that the members, on whom the constitutional changes imposed a great responsibility, would worthily carry them out.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS FROM NIGERIA, MATTERS MARITIME, AND A MEMORIAL PLAQUE.



OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN LAGOS : A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF NIGERIA AND THE CAMEROONS. DR. AZIKIWE (CENTRE, LEFT, IN GLASSES) IS THE CHIEF MINISTER OF EASTERN NIGERIA.



AGROUND OFF ROUND ISLAND, IN THE SCILLY ISLES : THE PANAMANIAN SHIP *MANDO*, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY WRECKED ; THE MASTER AND CREW WERE SAVED.

In dense fog on the night of January 21, the Panamanian ship *Mando* (7176 tons) ran aground on rocks off the Scilly Isles. The master and crew of twenty-four were saved by the St. Mary's lifeboat, but the vessel was reported to be "a complete wreck."



AFTER UNVEILING A PLAQUE TO MARK THE SITE OF A HOUSE IN WHICH FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE LIVED FOR MANY YEARS AND WHERE SHE DIED : THE PRINCESS ROYAL, WITH SIR CULLUM WELCH, LOOKING UP AT THE PLAQUE IN SOUTH STREET, LONDON.



NO NEED FOR ALARM: BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL* TAKING ON A 15 DEGREE LIST DURING HEELING TRIALS IN GLADSTONE DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

Britain's latest aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal* (36,800 tons) has been undergoing heeling trials in the flooded Gladstone Craving Dock in Liverpool. The trials were intended to confirm that the equipment in the aircraft-carrier would function satisfactorily should a serious list develop at any time as a result of action damage.



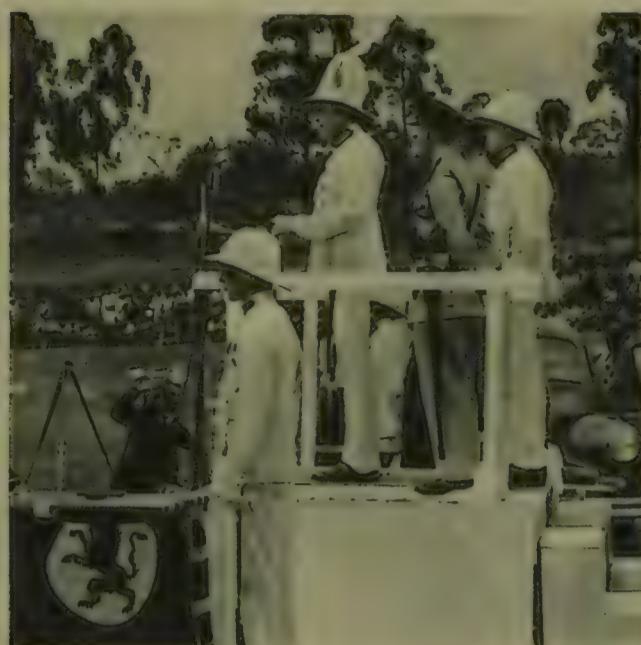
BEFORE BEING FITTED WITH DENNY-BROWN STABILISERS TO MINIMISE ROLLING :

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER, *QUEEN ELIZABETH*, IN DRY-DOCK. The liner *Queen Elizabeth* (83,673 tons) is undergoing a ten-week refit in the King George V. dry-dock at Southampton. The overhaul includes the fitting of Denny-Brown stabilisers, and owing to the great length of the vessel, the liner will have a double set. She will be the first ship to be so fitted.

THE NEW OFFER TO MAU MAU: FRESH SURRENDER TERMS ANNOUNCED.



SHAKING HANDS WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING : KIKUYU CHIEFS, WHO ATTENDED THE GATHERING AT NYERI, WEARING TRADITIONAL COSTUMES.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW SURRENDER TERMS OFFERED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO MAU MAU TERRORISTS : H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING, MAKING HIS SPEECH ON JANUARY 18.



AFRICANS QUEUEING FOR COPIES OF THE LEAFLET EXPLAINING THE AMNESTY TERMS FOR TERRORISTS, PRINTED IN ENGLISH, KIKUYU AND SWAHILI.



ADDRESSING THE GREAT GATHERING AT NYERI, AT WHICH 2000 KIKUYU GUARDS, 30 TRIBAL POLICE, 50 CHIEFS AND OVER 10,000 KIKUYU MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE PRESENT: SIR EVELYN BARING.

NEW surrender terms for Mau Mau terrorists were announced by the Governor of Kenya at a *baraza* (tribal meeting) at Nyeri on January 18. The gathering included 2000 Kikuyu guards, a guard of honour of thirty tribal police, distinguished for fine service, over 10,000 Kikuyu men, women and children, and fifty chiefs. The Minister for African Affairs and other European administrative officers accompanied the [Continued below, left.]



IN CONVERSATION WITH AFRICAN CHIEFS AFTER HE HAD MADE HIS SPEECH ANNOUNCING THE TERMS FOR SURRENDER FOR TERRORISTS : H.E. THE GOVERNOR.

Continued. Governor and General Sir George Erskine. Mau Mau terrorists who surrender voluntarily will not be prosecuted for past terrorist offences, but will be detained; and there will be no further prosecutions for offences committed by members of the Security Forces in the course of service before January 18; but "pending cases"



DECORATING A LOYAL KIKUYU WITH AN AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING GALLANTRY AGAINST TERRORISTS : SIR EVELYN BARING.

will go on. The offer, to remain open indefinitely, is explained in leaflets printed in English, Kikuyu and Swahili, which are being distributed. The Governor's announcement has received a mixed reception in Nairobi, varying from moderate approval to violent dissent. At the time of writing, fourteen terrorists have surrendered.

PORTRAIT OF A VANISHED WORLD.

"VICTORIAN SIDELIGHTS. FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE MRS. ADAMS-ACTON"; By A. M. W. STIRLING.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

JOHN ADAMS-ACTON—he was born Adams at Acton, and added the place-name to his own in imitation of the best Italian models—was the best-known, and probably the most prolific, portrait-sculptor of the Victorian age. He was born a year before the Queen's accession and died in the same year as King Edward. He portrayed them both, as also Queen Alexandra and the Kaiser; he did a bust of Pope Leo XIII., and the fine recumbent effigy of Cardinal Manning in Westminster Cathedral; he made numerous heads of brother-artists, a first-class portrait of Brougham, and statues and busts galore of Mr. Gladstone, with whom and whose wife the Adams-Actons were on familiar terms. His works adorn several countries and continents: had all his designs been carried out, his celebrity would have been even greater than it is. "Adams-Acton," says our editor, "was one of the sculptors who submitted to Lord Esher a design for the Memorial to Queen Victoria which had at least the merit of originality. The design showed the Queen in her Coronation robes, while from the topmost jewel in her crown a great light was to radiate at night and lesser lights from her other jewels. The whole was to be mounted on a huge pedestal, the interior of which was to form a treasure-house for mementos of her reign, and a Valhalla for the names of the glorious dead of that period." I suppose that this description might appeal to the promoters of Festival Gardens and other such Blackpoolisers as that of a piece of fine People's Art. But persons of soberer taste may well be half-reconciled by it to the structure which actually was put up, and on which one looks, if in vain, for the signature of Buszard, R.A.

This talented, industrious, charming and modest man married a girl ten years younger than himself. She was Marion Hamilton, born in Arran: apparently of ambiguous origin, but adopted when very small by Hering, the landscape painter. She made a name independently. When, in 1928, she died, an obituarist wrote (and this indicates the multifarious interest of the present volume): "Her death severs a link with people notable in politics, literature and art of her time. Among them were Queen Victoria, King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the ex-German Emperor and Empress. . . . For thirty years her home was the meeting-place of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Miss Braddon, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, John Bright, The O'Gorman Mahon, Parnell, Cecil Rhodes, Spurgeon, Landseer, Millais, Leighton and many others. . . . Before she was nineteen her first novel was published and went through twelve editions, and in spite of her numerous activities and philanthropic work in which she co-operated with Mrs. Gladstone, she found time to publish many other books and plays, the latter being staged by Brandon Thomas, George Alexander and Toole." The memoirs which she left behind her, and

which have now been neatly embedded in a general account of the two lives, contain very vivid pictures of many of these persons, frequently accompanied by illuminating anecdotes and sayings: this is especially true of Gladstone, the Cardinal, John Bright, and that dashing duellist the O'Gorman Mahon. But the most vivid and exciting pages of all deal with none of these famous personages, but with an enterprise, almost an escapade, undertaken by the heroine herself when she was a middle-aged matron.

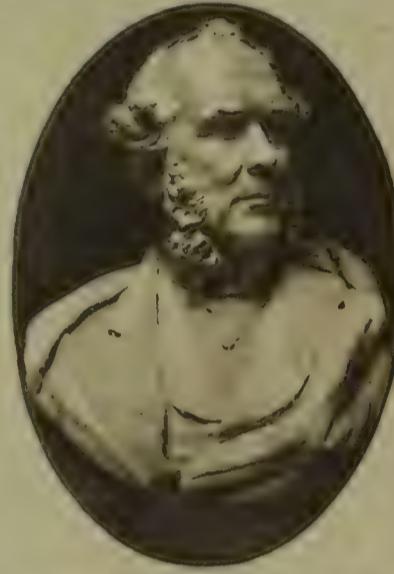
"she was faced with a disaster which would have deterred most people. The very night before they had arranged to set off, while at the Italian Exhibition with her husband, she sprained her ankle badly, and returned home in considerable suffering. The next morning the ankle was black and swollen, and even moving about the room was painful. 'What a handicap,' she remarks, 'with which to start a five-hundred-mile walk! But I was well aware that if what was termed "proper attention" was paid to the injury, it would mean lying-up for some weeks; so I determined to brave the pain, as it was either that or I must give up the walk altogether.'

She drew a straight line on a map from London to Carlisle and made for "the nearest routes abutting on that direct line." The route was adhered to, up hill, down dale, in sunshine and pelting rain, through beautiful landscapes and the squalor of the Black Country. "Each night they had to seek for accommodation which was secured only with difficulty, and was often of the most primitive kind"—sometimes in wayside cottages, where the congestion may be surmised. It was "the wettest and coldest summer on record." Shoes got sodden and wore thin, feet were blistered, but they all plugged on, the perambulator, laden with luggage and baby, being pushed nearly all the way by the nurse Ellen, of whom we are told in a footnote: "1954—Still alive at the age of 93 and quite willing to do it all again." By the time they reached the North they were all in the pink of health, and visited the local "sights" as they went. "Sometimes," we are told, "when passing through the towns and villages, the peculiarity of their little party attracted undesirable curiosity and comment, which the children resented more than their elders." But to stare at a cortège of that kind and size can hardly be considered rude: it would require super-human self-control not to do so, even in this age when the countryside swarms with hiking oddities.

At the Scotch border the party cheered. Gretna Green and the Burns Country were inspected, and the Thornhill Museum, and at last, over the sea was Arran. At last they were at home. "Our friends gathered round us disbelieving that we had really walked, and our own servants were hard to convince. But soon the newspaper men by visits and letters began to hear of it, and forty journalists sent to interview me; and I found I had gained an unwanted notoriety." It had taken seven weeks for her to gain that, in those days!

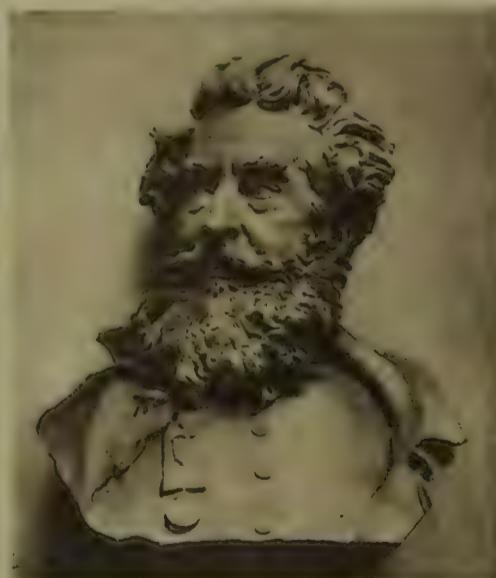
It is a pleasant book for browsers in the past, with this one exhilarating episode. In a postscript we are reminded that the family fortitude persists. Three of her grandsons have been killed of late: one after winning as fine an M.C. in Korea as has ever been won.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 198 of this issue.



SOME OF ADAMS-ACTON'S BUSTS OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS: (LEFT) W. P. FRITH, R.A., PAINTER OF "DERBY DAY"; (CENTRE) JOHN LINNELL; AND (RIGHT) FREDERICK TAYLER, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. John Adams-Acton (1830-1910), some of whose works are shown above, was married in 1875 to "Jeanie Hering," the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hering. She was a woman of remarkable personality and the author of many books and plays. As the wife of one of the foremost portrait-sculptors of the day, her house was the meeting-place of a wide circle of people notable in many different spheres. The book, which is reviewed on this page, deals with her life and her reminiscences.

(Illustrations from the book "Victorian Sidelights: From the Papers of the late Mrs. Adams-Acton" are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, Ernest Benn.)



SOME OF ADAMS-ACTON'S BUSTS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES: (LEFT) JOHN LANDSEER, FATHER OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; (CENTRE) THE O'GORMAN MAHON; AND (RIGHT) GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, FROM THE MARBLE IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Dickens's dim damsels and the sweet maidens of Tennyson, but it is nevertheless true. And what a journey!

In our day it would scarcely be possible, especially for a well-known woman of position. The party of pedestrians would be accompanied by a fleet of motor-cars carrying journalists and newsreel men; and, though they might temporarily escape by going across "moor and torrent," as soon as they reached a road again there would be the concourse of clicking cameras, the inquiries as to the condition of the party's feet, and the offers for exclusive rights of the story. But even as things were, the journey was hazardous enough, in all conscience. Before the start

**SKATING OVER THICK ICE : THRILLS OF YACHTING
ON THE FROZEN GOUWZEE, IN HOLLAND.**



HOISTING HIS MAINSAIL : A WARMLY CLAD "ICE-YACHTSMAN" BEFORE GOING FOR A "SKIM." THESE CONVERTED BOATS CAN SAIL AS FAST AS 55 M.P.H. IN A NORMAL WIND.



SAILING ON GIANT SKATES : ONE OF THE "ICE-YACHTS," THE WINTERVREUGD, WHICH IS BRAKED BY LIFTING THE BLADES WITH ROPES, SO THAT THEIR AFTER ENDS DIG INTO THE ICE.



SKIMMING FAST OVER THE ROUGH SURFACE OF THE GOUWZEE, HOLLAND, FROZEN TO A MINIMUM DEPTH OF 30 CM. (11½ INS.): TWO 'ICE-YACHTS' IN FULL SAIL.

Avercamp, the Dutch Old Master, whose favourite subjects were winter scenes, would have been entranced by the "ice-yachting" on the Ijsselmeer, now the official name of the former Zuyder Zee, in Holland. Whenever the Gouwzee (part of the Ijsselmeer) freezes to a minimum depth of 30 cm. (11½ ins.), yachting enthusiasts bring out their boats, which are ordinary fishing or pleasure boats, remove the centreboards, and mount them on giant skates. Obeying the rules of the road for normal sailing, they then skim swiftly over the ice, sometimes at



WEARING MITTENS, A BALACLAVA HELMET AND CLOGS, THIS "ICE-SAILOR" SETS OFF IN A HIGH WIND FOR A SAIL ON THE FROZEN GOUWZEE.

speeds as high as 55 m.p.h., which makes such sport dangerous and exciting. All boats, however, undergo an "ice-worthy" test, and the crews carry out training beforehand. The skates have a braking device consisting of two ropes, controlled by pulleys, which lift the blades so that their after ends dig into the ice. When the thickness of the ice reaches 50 cm. (19½ ins.), in a hard winter, cars and motor-bicycles join in the fun, too, and the Ijsselmeer becomes more crowded than it ever is during the summer!

THE TACHENS : SCENE OF HEAVY FIGHTING IN THE CHINA "LITTLE WAR."



PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS: A NATIONALIST NAVAL VESSEL THROWING INTO THE SEA BAMBOO SECTIONS CONTAINING LEAFLETS DESIGNED TO FLOAT TO THE MAINLAND.



MILITARY TRAINING IN THE TACHENS: NATIONALIST TROOPS MANNING A MORTAR DURING DEFENCE EXERCISES. NATIONALIST FORCES IN THE ISLANDS WERE ESTIMATED AT 20,000.

As we reported in our issue of December 18 last, the tension along the China Coast flared up during November into sporadic fighting around a number of islands which are held by the Nationalists, but lie only a few miles off the Communist mainland. The principal activity concerned the Tachen Islands, a group consisting of two main islands and a considerable number of islets, between 15 and 20 miles off the coast and about 200 miles north of Formosa. This activity broke out again on Jan. 10, when a considerable number of Communist bombers made four raids on the Tachens, the attacks being aimed both at the islands and the shipping in the harbour. Damage and casualties were claimed and admitted. On the following day Nationalist heavy bombers raided near-by Communist-held islands. On Jan. 18, after heavy air raids, the Communists mounted a sea-borne assault on a three-mile-square island called Yi Kiang Shan, about 8 miles north of the main Tachens, and seized it, claiming to have killed or captured all the battalion of guerrillas which was defending it. On Jan. 19, both sides mounted heavy air attacks, the Communist raid on the main island of Tachen being the largest ever launched by them. On the same day the Nationalists claimed that the garrison on Yi Kiang Shan was still holding out. In Nationalist air raids on the China coast the same day, the British steamer *Edendale* (1700 tons) was sunk (without loss of life) at Swatow.



A VIEW OF UPPER TACHEN, THE LARGER OF THE TWO MAIN ISLANDS OF THE GROUP. THIS ISLAND IS RINGED WITH HIGH CLIFFS AND THE VIEW SHOWS A DEEP VALLEY LYING IN THE INTERIOR. THE CIVILIAN POPULATION OF THE TWO MAIN ISLANDS IS ABOUT 14,578.



NATIONALIST TROOPS MANNING A 40-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN DURING AN ALERT IN THE TACHENS. ON JANUARY 19, IN PARTICULAR, THE ISLANDS SUFFERED A VERY HEAVY AIR RAID.



NATIONALISTS PREPARING TO FIRE A 105-MM. ARTILLERY PIECE DURING TRAINING ON LOWER TACHEN. THE TROOPS ON THE MAIN ISLANDS ARE WELL-TRAINED REGULARS.



TO ILLUSTRATE THE RECENT "FLARE-UP" IN THE CHINA COAST "LITTLE WAR": A MAP SHOWING FORMOSA'S RELATION TO THE TACHEN ISLANDS, SWATOW AND THE COMMUNIST-HELD MAINLAND.

This map shows some of the Nationalist-held islands, just off the coast of China, from Quemoy up to the Tachens (right, top corner), the northernmost islet of which, Yi Kiang Shan, the Communists claimed to have captured on January 18 in a mass attack; and also the Communist port of Swatow, in the harbour of which Nationalist bombers on January 19 sank a British steamer, *Edendale* (1700 tons). The fighting in the Tachens is more fully reported on the opposite page. In a Press conference on January 18, Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, implied that the island of Yi Kiang Shan was of little importance, and he was reported as saying that the Tachens, 200 miles north of Formosa, had only a "marginal"

relationship to its defence—and so presumably to the Formosa Defence Treaty. On the following day President Eisenhower followed the same line, and drew a distinction between the Tachens, held by regular Nationalist troops, and Yi Kiang Shan, held by a battalion of guerrillas. He also indicated that the United Nations might usefully try to arrange a cease-fire between Communist and Nationalist China. In the meanwhile, Sir Anthony Eden had instructed British representatives at U.N. and Washington to see if there were any chance of easing the tension on the China coast. As regards the Swatow incident, the British Government was expected to lodge a strong protest with the Chinese Nationalists.

THE Conference of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth is due to meet in London on January 31. Journalists acquainted with the subject have been pointing out, well in advance, that conferences of this character do not assemble nowadays to create detailed plans of action, still less to reform Commonwealth machinery. Their insistence suggests a feeling in their minds—or in the minds of those from whom they derive inspiration—that the public is still not very clear about the matter. If such is their view, it is probably correct. To a large proportion of the public which gives the matter a second thought, it seems natural and logical that these meetings should be in the nature of a formal assize. After all, there appears to be plenty to do on these lines. Why not try to do it on these occasions? What more suitable opportunity can be found? The error lies in failure to take account of two important features of the Commonwealth to-day, one of which represents its chief weakness, whereas the other stands for its chief source of strength.

The Commonwealth is no longer inspired by the old unity. Membership implies different things in the conception of one component and another. Some are more deeply committed to it than others. Some have repudiated the link of the Crown. Ideals and the policies to which they give birth are dissimilar. This is the weak side. It involves danger. If community of interest is the last remaining link, the failure of that link might lead to defections. On the other hand, consultation all the time has never been so highly developed as now. It is closer than that with foreign countries—except on military affairs with the United States—because, while with foreign countries it is mainly conducted on a single "level," within the Commonwealth it goes on when necessary at every possible level simultaneously. Were it generally realised how highly organised the machinery for consultation and for exchange of information had become, there would be less stress in the public mind on the need for drawing up fixed programmes at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conferences. This is the strong side.

The meeting, then, is chiefly for the purpose of supplementing this process of continuous consultation by personal interchange of views, ensuring that there have been no misunderstandings. It is not as usual, or as necessary, as in the case of most diplomatic conferences that a series of problems or a single problem should be solved. (Alas! we know too well that diplomatic conferences do not always succeed in this respect, but the attainment of clean-cut results is commonly their object.) Clearly, discussion by word of mouth does not cease to be desirable, however close consultation has been by means of cables and wireless. On some occasions verbal discussion about a table is more necessary than on others. It is safe to say that the present time demands it more strongly than usual. Almost all those who attend this Conference are likely to do so with the feeling that it is well worth their while to do so.

Defence is certain to be prominent. I use the word in a broad sense to include avoidance of war—otherwise it could not be said that Mr. Nehru, for example, was coming to take part in defence discussions. There is sure to be an approach to the subject of the distribution of the burden of arms. This is an old topic, on which little progress has been made. The United Kingdom still bears a disproportionate weight. The other members of European origin ought to bear a larger share, though this stricture does not apply as strongly to Canada as to the rest. High standards of living and leisure are desirable goals, but in the world as it is to-day they depend on defence, and it is unfair that they should rest upon the sacrifices of others. In the Pacific and South-East Asia, above all, it is becoming beyond the power and means of the United Kingdom to provide an adequate defence system without more assistance than has yet been given. Commonwealth defence needs overhauling, especially in these areas.

One prophecy about the Conference which can be made without hesitation is that Mr. Nehru will play a prominent part in it. He continues to grow in stature. The estimation in which he is held would seem to be based rather on his sincerity and his vivid personality than upon his political philosophy, which is, in truth, often shallow, one-sided, and indifferently expressed. Yet his views appear to be broadening, and there can be no doubt that he now exercises a powerful influence on world opinion. He has also had a good opportunity of looking at China at first hand during his recent visit to the country, and his impressions may well be more valuable than those of Europeans. He is known to take the view that the Communist régime has its hands full in its determination to raise the standard of living by modernising agriculture and developing industry. For this reason he believes that China will hesitate long before entering upon another war.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

If the Communist language about Formosa is to be taken at its face value, this opinion must be considered highly optimistic. The fact that an attempted invasion of Formosa would involve the United States is well known to Chou En-lai. Chiang Kai-shek, who, on his side, had been talking of invasion of the Communist mainland, has recently agreed that nothing of the sort shall take place without preliminary consultation and agreement. Is it possible to persuade the Communists to become equally prudent? Mr. Nehru is said to consider it possible that recognition of Communist China by the United States, coupled

THE INVASION OF COSTA RICA.



CAPTURED FROM THE REBEL INVADERS OF COSTA RICA IN THE FIGHTING AT VILLA QUESADA: A STACK OF RIFLES, WITH AMMUNITION AND PARACHUTES, GUARDED BY A COSTA RICAN SOLDIER.



AT ACTION STATIONS: THE CREW OF A 37-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AT A FORT IN LIBERIA, COSTA RICA. THE LOYALIST MILITARY H.Q. IN LIBERIA STATED THAT TWO REBEL AIRCRAFT HAD STRAFED THE CITY, CAUSING SOME DAMAGE BUT NO CASUALTIES.

On January 11 General Figueres, President of Costa Rica, announced that the remote little farming town of Villa Quesada, fifty miles south of the Nicaraguan frontier and about thirty miles north of the capital, San José, had been seized by "unknown forces." The following day aircraft, which afterwards flew off in the direction of Nicaragua, briefly machine-gunned the capital. Costa Rica immediately appealed to the Council of the Organisation of American States to help repel the attack, stated by President Figueres to have been fomented by Nicaragua in an attempt to overthrow his Government. As a result of the appeal, four Mustang fighters and a transport aircraft were sold by the U.S.A. to Costa Rica for a nominal sum; and arrived in San José on January 17. In the meantime, the rebels in possession of Villa Quesada hastily took themselves off in the direction of Nicaragua on the appearance of members of the Costa Rican Civil Guard, and the town was recaptured. At the time of writing, the rebellion seemed to be ending, for only sporadic skirmishes between the invaders and Costa Rican loyalist bands have been reported.

with some sort of international régime for Formosa, might prove sufficient inducement. If so, his scheme may embody some eventual hope, but at the moment it would be crying for the moon. Probably the same thing has to be said for the suggestion that Chiang Kai-shek should agree to evacuate the coastal islands. Nor is it by any means certain that Communist China will not think that a policy of reconstruction at home and cold war abroad can be pursued together.

It is believed that Mr. Nehru's view of Communist China in general has become more critical and realistic, less "starry eyed," than formerly. He must see,

perhaps even more clearly than ourselves, the strong possibility of its developing into one of the greatest Powers of the world. This is an aspect which even Soviet Russia must consider, though at present it has a strong hold on China because it supplies the machinery and could hold up work by ceasing to forward spare parts. We cannot believe that Mr. Nehru will become reconciled to the South-

East Asia Treaty Organisation (S.E.A.T.O. for short). Yet, if he is averse to defence pacts on principle, he appears to be consistent in extending his dislike even to an all-Asiatic pact of this sort. There was some talk of one being created under Chinese and Indian leadership, but no hint that any progress had been made towards it. On the other hand, there has likewise been no progress towards agreement and friendship between India and Pakistan. Needless to say, any contribution, however small, to this end made at the Conference would be valuable.

The usual assumption has been that Asia and the Pacific, with special emphasis on Communist China, will bulk largely at the Conference. Two regions which I have not yet mentioned, Indo-China and Korea, play their part in forming this opinion. The thoughtless are inclined to believe that both have been wiped off the slate. They are, in fact, still on it, and writ large. In both cases Communist intentions are doubtful and unsatisfactory in appearance. It is because Asia has been so much in view and has caused so much anxiety for the immediate future that I have written of it first. I have not forgotten that Soviet Russia is by far the greatest Communist Power and represents by far the greatest danger, or, for that matter, that but for Russia, we should not be greatly concerned about China. The most important recent event in the world has been the struggle to permit the Federal Republic of Germany to gain the right to defend itself. The basis of this struggle has been the enormous power and enigmatic attitude of Soviet Russia.

The German right to rearm has not at the time of writing passed the final stage of ratification. On ratification the British pledge to maintain a considerable proportion of the nation's fighting power on the European Continent comes into force. This will be another topic, because it concerns the whole Commonwealth, though it is unlikely in the extreme that any member will object to it. More important is the question whether countenance will be given to a direct approach to Soviet Russia, with cards on the table, making clear our willingness to go half-way in an effort to establish peaceful "co-existence." It has long seemed to me that this is a more practical goal than friendship. I have also written here recently that it seems worth while to make another attempt on these lines—after the ratification of the German treaty, which Russia is still trying to prevent. I believe the trial ought to be made though I recognise the plausibility of the belief that Russia regards war as eventually inevitable.

Questions of trade are not my province to-day, but it seems well to insist that they impinge upon defence. No one questions in theory the desirability of trade even with far from friendly nations. It is when we come to define the goods suitable for trade with them that the trouble starts. The number of finished goods and raw materials which, without belonging to the nature of arms, can be classified as of strategic value has enormously increased. In fact, if everything coming into this category were to be debarred, there would be little trade left. This is a thorny subject. We have only to recall certain American comments about British trade with Communist China to realise how easily it may cause bad blood between friends. We, who live by trade to a greater extent than most nations, desire to increase it to the greatest possible extent, and that may be expected to be the general view.

One last subject which ought to be given some thought is that of raising still further the standard of representation of Commonwealth interests, especially among the High Commissioners. Here the difficulty is to find the men to go round. Among millions, there is a small proportion who can be described as first-class and a great deal of competition for them. It ought to be realised that the United Kingdom has at most half-a-dozen ambassadors' posts which are as important as those of the High Commissioners. In the majority

of cases a High Commissioner can do more good, and more harm, than an Ambassador. Nowadays the former is indispensable to smooth working to a greater extent than the latter in the majority of cases. I have emphasised the closeness of the day-to-day consultation which takes place. It is not unfair to say that on the most important topics it is the representatives of the Mother Country who are likely to play the greatest part. Thus, the problem of representation is even more vital to the United Kingdom than to its partners in the Commonwealth, but all will be wise if they appoint the best man they can find.



A FAMOUS FRENCH PIANIST AND CONDUCTOR, WHO EXCELS IN THE INTERPRETATION OF ROMANTIC MUSIC : MONSIEUR ALFRED CORTOT.

Alfred Cortot, world-famous pianist and conductor, was born on September 26, 1877, of French parents in Switzerland, where he now resides. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Decombes (one of the last of Chopin's disciples) and then with Diémer; and in 1896 was awarded a brilliant *premier prix*. He soon achieved fame as an interpreter of Beethoven's concertos, and played at concerts in many European cities. After a period as assistant conductor at Bayreuth, he returned to Paris in 1902, and at the age of twenty-four made his débüt as a conductor and theatrical director by giving the first performance in the French capital of "Götterdämmerung," and some notable productions of "Tristan."

In the following year he founded a concert society and gave important programmes which included hitherto unpublished works by young composers of the French School; and 1905 saw the formation of the famous trio—Cortot, Jacques Thibaud and Casals—which gained international celebrity. M. Cortot succeeded Raoul Pugno in 1917 as professor in the highest pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatoire; and was associated with the founding of the Ecole Normale de Musique, of which he is president. His published works include "French Piano Music" (three vols.) and "Aspects de Chopin." He made a "farewell" tour in Britain in 1953, and has played frequently on the Continent since.

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE LESSON OF THE COSTLY 1948-49 AIR-LIFT WELL LEARNT: WEST BERLIN'S

EMERGENCY STOCKS OF FOOD AND COAL FOR HER TWO MILLION INHABITANTS.



IN TEMPERATURE-CONTROLLED ROOMS: HUNDREDS OF TONS OF CANNED MEAT IN A WAREHOUSE WHERE THE STOREKEEPER MAINTAINS A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE THERMOMETERS.



UNDER CONSTANT SUPERVISION: HUNDREDS OF TONS OF POTATO POWDER IN TIN CANS IN A STORE-ROOM WHERE THE TEMPERATURE IS STRICTLY CONTROLLED.



IN PAPER AND JUTE SACKS, WITH A LAYER OF WATERPROOF MATERIAL: THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SUGAR IN A SPECIAL STORE IN WEST BERLIN.



BUTCHERS AT WORK IN A WAREHOUSE WHERE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FROZEN MEAT IS STORED. SMALL QUANTITIES OF BUTTER ARE ALSO KEPT IN RESERVE.

EVER since the air-lift of 1948-49, when British and U.S. aircraft had to carry supplies of food and fuel to West Berlin during the Soviet blockade, unusually large reserves of basic commodities have been stored in the Western sectors of the city. No exact figures have been revealed, but it is reported that precautions have been taken to ensure supplies to the 2,200,000 inhabitants of West Berlin for at least six months. The supplies are constantly kept up to a certain level and may not be used as long as supplies flow freely to Berlin through the normal channels. Methods of packing and storage are employed which ensure



ANKLE-DEEP: STORE-KEEPERS CHECKING THE TEMPERATURE OF GRAIN AT VARIOUS LEVELS IN A FACTORY WHICH HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A WAREHOUSE.



TAKING SAMPLES FOR EXAMINATION: MEN AT WORK IN A GRAIN WAREHOUSE WHERE THE EMERGENCY SUPPLIES ARE KEPT AT A CONSTANT LEVEL AND CAREFULLY CONTROLLED.



STOCKING UP: FRESH GRAIN BEING PUMPED INTO A SILO WHICH CAN HOLD SOME 10,000 TONS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A COLD-STORAGE PLANT FOR MEAT.

that there is no wastage. Nevertheless, all the stores, for which individual private store-keepers are responsible, are under the constant control of the West Berlin Senate and West German Government, otherwise known as the stores. These are frequently made and such commodities as sugar, butter and lard, which cannot be stored indefinitely, are released from time to time and replaced by fresh supplies. The reserves are kept in over 100 different storerooms which are distributed throughout the three Western sectors. Stores of coal, also kept at a constant level, are stocked at a number of separated points.



ENOUGH FUEL TO KEEP INDUSTRIAL AND HOME FIRES BURNING FOR SEVERAL MONTHS: RESERVES OF COAL WHICH ARE KEPT AT A CONSTANT LEVEL.



SAILING FOR THE CARIBBEAN FOR USE BY H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET DURING HER TOUR OF THE WEST INDIES: THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA, SEEN LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR ON JANUARY 18.

On January 31 H.R.H. Princess Margaret is due to leave London Airport in the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser *Canopus* to begin her first official journey abroad since the tour of the Canadian Islands. The ship will be commanded by a Canadian, Captain P. C. Fair. The following afternoon she is due at Piarco Airport, in Trinidad, where she will drive to Government House and attend a number of functions and displays, including a drive through Port of Spain, flying to the Island of Tobago on February 5. There her Royal Highness will go aboard the Royal Yacht *Britannia* which, as our photograph above shows, left Portsmouth Harbour under the command of Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, on January 18. *Britannia* was used by the Royal Family in August last year when the Duke of Edinburgh made the Atlantic journey home in his after his Canadian tour. The Princess is due to land at Grenada on February 6, where her engagements include a thanksgiving service at St. George's Anglican Church. She will attend the opening of the Windward Islands Broadcasting Service, and a dinner and reception in Government House. She is due to arrive at Kingstown, St. Vincent, on February 8, after sailing through the Grenadines. The engagements

at St. Vincent include an inspection of a parade of police and local organisations. At Barbados, where her Royal Highness will land on February 9, she will visit a health centre at Speights Town and go to the Barbados trade and industries fair, sailing for Antigua on February 14. There she will drive to English Harbour fair and inspect Nelson's Dockyard. Arriving at Basseterre, St. Kitts, on February 16, she will visit a new sugar factory; and during her stay in Jamaica on February 17 she will attend a driving competition at Sandford Park and make a service the next day in Spanish Town Cathedral. She will also be present at a ball at the University College

of the West Indies, where she will be received by Princess Alice, the Chancellor of the University. On February 22 she will visit an agricultural show and be entertained to a barbecue supper. After opening a hospital on February 23 Princess Margaret will go by raft down the Rio Grande and have a picnic dinner. She is due at Nassau, in the Bahamas, on February 26 and during her visit, plans for which at the time of writing are provisional, she will attend a divine service at Christ Church Cathedral; and a water carnival in Nassau Harbour. Her Royal Highness is due to fly home by B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser on March 2.

THE MAGNIFICENT TOMBS WHICH THE "HOME GUARDS" OF ROMAN TRIPOLITANIA BUILT.



FIG. 1. A MAGNIFICENT TOMB FOR A DESERT FARMER: THE LARGEST MAUSOLEUM OF THE NORTHERN GROUP. LIKE A DORIC TEMPLE WITHOUT THE PEDIMENTS.



FIG. 2. TOMB 3 OF THE NORTHERN GROUP, WHICH STILL RETAINS COMPLEX FRIEZES. THE TOMB CHAMBER LIES BELOW, THE "CELLA" BEING SOLID, WITH A FALSE DOOR.



FIG. 3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NORTHERN GROUP OF MAUSOLEA AT GHIRZA, LOOKING E.N.-E. TOWARDS THE SETTLEMENT, THE MASSIVE BUILDINGS OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.



FIG. 4. A CLOSE-UP OF THE STONE MOULDING ABOVE THE FALSE DOOR OF TOMB 2 (FIG. 5), SHOWING THE ELABORATE WORK PUT INTO THE TOMBS OF THESE ISOLATED DESERT FARMERS.

In our issue of Jan. 22 we published an article by Mrs. Brogan, with numerous photographs and a reproduction drawing, on a group of Roman farms on the edge of the Tripolitanian desert; and in that article mention was made of the mausolea which stood near the settlement and which were enriched with elaborate, if somewhat homely, sculptures. The previous article was devoted to the agricultural life of the settlement—the basis of its continued existence. Here Mrs. Olwen Brogan, F.S.A. (who worked at Ghirza in 1952 and 1953 in collaboration with [Continued below.]



FIG. 5. TOMB 2 OF THE NORTHERN GROUP, SHOWING THE STEPS ON ITS EAST SIDE. THE CARVED FALSE DOOR OF THE "CELLA" SYMBOLISES THE ENTRANCE INTO THE AFTER-LIFE.

Continued.

Dr. E.-Vergara-Caffarelli, Superintendent of Antiquities for Tripolitania, and others), writes of the relatively magnificent tombs these Home Guards of the limes erected, and the way in which the reliefs with which they adorned them throw light on their view of the after-life, their sports and ceremonies, and the animals which they domesticated, kept as pets or hunted. The period of the settlement's prosperity is thought to extend from the late third to the fifth century A.D. The photographs, unless otherwise stated,

are by Mr. N. de Liberali, and are reproduced by courtesy of the Department of Antiquities of Tripolitania. That the inhabitants of Ghirza felt secure in their own homes is demonstrated by the fine dwellings which they erected for their dead, the two groups of mausolea which have always aroused so much interest that the houses have generally received scant attention. The northern group (Figs. 1-5) is near the settlement and was shown in the reconstruction drawing [Continued opposite.]

OBELISK AND TEMPLE TOMBS OF IMPERIAL ROMAN DATE, NEAR GHIRZA.



FIG. 6. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN GROUP OF MAUSOLEA, ABOUT A MILE DISTANT FROM THE SETTLEMENT. THE OBELISK TOMB (RIGHT, AND FIG. 8) WAS CROWNED WITH A PYRAMID AS RECENTLY AS 1931.

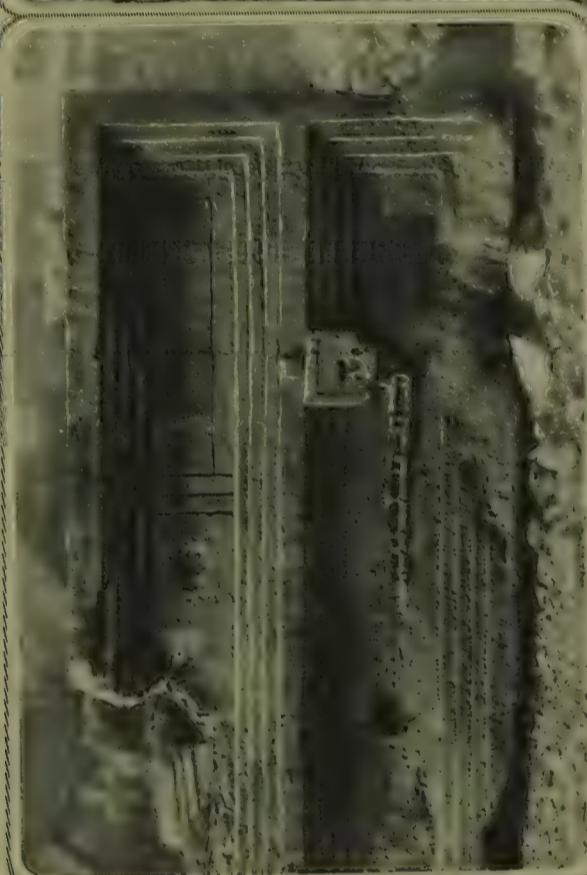


FIG. 7. "A DOOR INTO THE AFTER-LIFE," FROM THE SOUTHERN GROUP OF MAUSOLEA: A STONE FALSE DOOR TO A TOMB, COMPLETE WITH LOCK, CHAIN, AND, IT IS PRESUMED, ORIGINALLY A KEY.

Continued from opposite page.
which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of January 22, 1955; the southern group is about a mile away (Figs. 6-10), further up the main wadi, on its right side. All the tombs are built of the local limestone. Fig. 3 shows the six tombs which remain of the northern group, with the settlement in the background. It is generally assumed that the larger ones belong to the fourth century A.D. Several inscriptions are preserved, bearing the mixture of Latin and Libyan names usual on tombs of this frontier country. The largest tomb is built like a small Doric temple (Fig. 1), but with capitals reminiscent of the Ionic type. It was without pediments. Its two neighbours (Figs. 2 and 5), different in style, with arcades, are remarkable for their external friezes, in carving which the native masons gave their fancy full play and produced primitive but vivid representations of the funerary beliefs of the day and of the lives of the chieftains of Ghirza and their dependants. The stones from the frieze of Tomb 2 have been removed or fallen down, but, happily, nearly all of them have been traced. Some belonging to this and some belonging to the next tomb were taken by Turkish officers to Istanbul, in the middle of the last century, and are now in the Istanbul Museum; some had been removed to Beni-Ulid, and have now been brought to Tripoli Museum for greater

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 8. THE OBELISK TOMB OF THE SOUTHERN GROUP, COMPLETE WITH FALSE DOOR, AND PORTRAITS OF A MAN AND WOMAN. ORIGINALLY SURMOUNTED WITH A PYRAMID AND 45 FEET HIGH.



FIG. 9. THE TOP OF A SMALL TOMB OF THE SOUTHERN GROUP, SHOWING A CAMEL AND A HUNTING SCENE IN THE ARCADE. ABOVE, A SPEARMAN IN A CONICAL CAP. NOTE THE VARIETY OF ROSETTES.



FIG. 10. THE TOP OF A SMALL MAUSOLEUM WITH ONLY FOUR COLUMNS SURROUNDING A SOLID "CELLA," THE TOMB LYING UNDERNEATH. NOTE THE FISH AND ROSETTES. COMPARE FIG. 14.



FIG. 11. A RELIEF FROM THE MAUSOLEA OF GHIRZA, SHOWING OSTRICHES AND AN ANTELOPE. BOTH WERE STILL PLENTIFUL AT GHIRZA IN 1817. THIS RELIEF IS NOW AT ISTANBUL. (By courtesy of the Archaeological Museums of Istanbul.)

Continued from previous page.
safety. Tomb 2 had a finely-sculptured false door (Figs. 4 and 5), symbolising the door of the hereafter, on its east side, but the burial chamber itself was below the monument, entered from the south side. Among the symbolical figures found was a winged victory, with laurel wreath and palm branch, a favourite decoration of Tripolitanian tombs. Tomb 3 (Fig. 2) has still considerable portions of its frieze in place, showing on its south side agricultural and hunting scenes. The upper necropolis is shown in Fig. 6. When it was photographed by the Italian officer, Tenente Bauer, in 1931, the tall monument on the right was intact. A subsequent earth tremor destroyed its two upper storeys, of which the top one was in the form [Continued below.]

THE HUNTSMEN OF ROMAN GHIRZA, AND ANIMAL SYMBOLS OF ETERNITY.



FIG. 12. A FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A LEOPARD: A HUNTING SCENE RELIEF FOUND AMONG THE MAUSOLEA OF GHIRZA. CHEETAHS, OR HUNTING LEOPARDS, WERE FOUND IN TRIPOLITANIA AS LATE AS 1938.



FIG. 13. POSSIBLY A VERSION OF THE LABOURS OF HERCULES: MEN FIGHTING WITH A BULL AND A LONG-ANTLERED STAG. THE ROSETTES ARE AN ALMOST INVARIABLE MOTIF IN THESE GHIRZA MAUSOLEUM RELIEFS.



FIG. 14. A UNIQUE RELIEF FOUND IN THE SOUTHERN GROUP. THE FISH, FOUND MORE COMMONLY IN PAIRS, REPRESENT THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED, GATHERED ROUND THE ROSETTE, A SYMBOL OF LIFE.

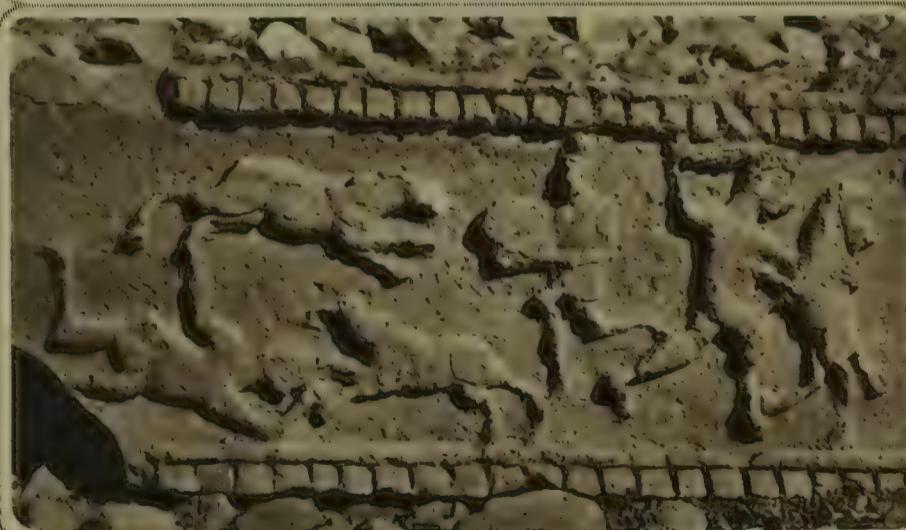


FIG. 15. A CRUDE BUT VIGOROUS SCENE OF LION-HUNTING, WITH ONE LION VICTORIOUS, AND TWO MEN, ONE WITH A ROUND BUCKLER, ANOTHER WITH A SWORD, STILL ENGAGED IN COMBAT WITH TWO OTHER LIONS. LIONS EXISTED IN NORTH AFRICA UNTIL 1891.

Continued.
of a slender pyramid. This obelisk tomb (Fig. 8) was about 45 ft. high; round its lowest storey is a frieze of rosettes and figures. The other monuments (Figs. 7 and 9) resembled Tombs 2 and 3 of the other group, but on a smaller scale. A number of interesting sculptures, never before recorded, were found among the débris of these tombs. They include the "portraits" of a local notability and his wife, who wears a flowing veil, and a group of eight fish round a rosette—the fish perhaps representing the souls of the departed (Fig. 14). Ancient Libya, called by Strabo a nursery of wild beasts, was one of the great hunting countries of antiquity, and hunting played a big part in the life of the Sheiks of Ghirza, who were keen horsemen (Figs. 21, 22) and skilled with the bow. The most remarkable of the sculptures is the scene, [Continued opposite.]



FIG. 16. A HERALDIC LION—A BROKEN FRIEZE SCULPTURE, FOUND IN THE SOUTHERN GROUP OF TOMBS. A SIMILAR LION, WITH A FORE-PAW RESTING ON A BULL'S HEAD, HAS ALSO BEEN FOUND. THESE BEASTS WERE SET UP IN PAIRS.

A FUNERAL BANQUET, AND ANIMALS THE MEN OF GHIRZA LOVED AND HUNTED.



FIG. 17. AN ARCHED STONE FROM THE ARCADE OF A MAUSOLEUM, SHOWING A RUNNING HARE AND TWO UNIDENTIFIED BIRDS. LIBYA, "THE NURSERY OF WILD BEASTS," WAS ONE OF THE GREAT HUNTING COUNTRIES OF ANTIQUITY.



FIG. 18. ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE TOMB FRIEZE RELIEFS OF GHIRZA—NOW IN ISTANBUL. A FUNERAL BANQUET, WITH THE DECEASED CHIEF, SEATED ON A THRONE AND SURROUNDED BY SERVITORS. (By courtesy of the Archaeological Museums of Istanbul.)



FIG. 19. A NAKED MAN WITH A STAFF, A LEAPING DOG AND A DATE PALM IN FRUIT: A CRUDE BUT CURIOUSLY LIVELY RELIEF, WHICH MAY HAVE A SYMBOLIC MEANING WHICH AWAITs INTERPRETATION.



FIG. 20. A FAMILY GROUP ON THE SAME FRIEZE AS FIG. 18. THE CHIEF IS SHOWN WITH HIS CHILDREN OR SERVANTS, HIS BOW AND ARROWS IN THEIR CASE. THE GRAPES AND POMEGRANATE ARE SYMBOLS OF ABUNDANCE.

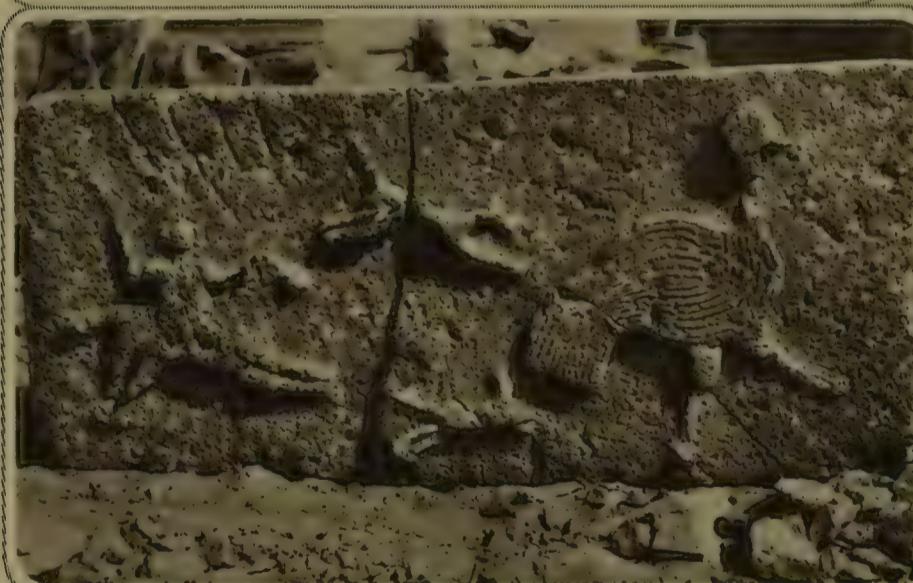


FIG. 21. A MOUNTED HUNTSMAN WITH A COUPLE OF DOGS PURSUDES AN OSTRICH: A RELIEF FROM THE NORTHERN GROUP. THESE HUNTING RELIEFS, THOUGH CRUDE, ARE THE WORK OF MEN WHO HAVE SEEN WHAT THEY PORTRAY.



FIG. 22. ANOTHER MOUNTED HUNTSMAN, IN PURSUIT PERHAPS OF A LEOPARD (UPPER LEFT) AND PRECEDED, POSSIBLY, BY HIS DOG. NEAR BY, A COMPLEX VERSION OF THE INEVITABLE ROSETTE DECORATION.

Continued from opposite page.]

now in the Istanbul Museum (Fig. 18), which once occupied the principal place on the east side of Tomb 3. The deceased is shown on his chair of state (a folding seat like the curule chair). Behind him are three servitors, the first carrying a staff, probably a symbol of office; the second has a dish or basket. The chieftain himself holds in his right hand the scroll of destiny found not uncommonly on Roman tombs; in his left he holds a cup which is being filled from the wine jug held out by the servitor facing him, who is also holding a case containing bow and arrows. This scene has been interpreted as showing the chief taking refreshment before setting out for the hunt, but the scroll and the position of the stone show that it has funerary significance and that this is also a kind of funeral banquet—a scene from the Elysian Fields, the life of the present being projected into the hereafter. The bow figures in another scene from the back of the same monument (Fig. 20). The figure in the conical cap might be a man or a woman; if the latter, we may be looking at the chief and his family. The large bunch of grapes and the pomegranate are common on Romano-Punic tombs and signify abundance. On the right side is a horseman. Fig. 15 shows

wild beasts being hunted on foot. The mottling may be intended to show lions' manes, and the beasts seem to belong to the cat tribe, recalling Libya's formidable reputation as the great land of wild beasts and one of the chief sources of supply for the amphitheatre. Other scenes show the hare (Fig. 17), the ostrich (Figs. 11 and 21) and the antelope. Captain Smyth, when he visited Ghirza in 1817, found ostriches and antelopes in the valley. The lion and the leopard have disappeared from these lands, the last Algerian lion was shot in 1891, but the Libyan Museum at Tripoli has two fine stuffed guépards (hunting leopards, or cheetahs) which were shot in the Tripolitanian desert as late as 1938. Of the history of Ghirza we know little as yet. With the Vandal invasion of the coastal cities in the middle of the fifth century, the interior of Tripolitania fades from our sight. A glimpse of the monuments is perhaps preserved for us by the eleventh-century Arab writer Al-Bakri, who had heard of a stone idol in this region set up on a hill and called Guerza. "To this day," he writes, "the Berber tribes of the neighbourhood offer sacrifices to it. They pray to it to cure their diseases and they believe it has the power to increase their wealth."



ABOUT thirty years ago—I think I'm right about the date, and if I'm not it doesn't matter—the word "significant" crept into the art critic's jargon, and before very long you could scarcely turn the pages of the heavier sort of monthly or weekly periodical without coming across it. As invariably occurs with words or phrases which sound at once vague and portentous, it became a favourite with the earnest amateur and was speedily adopted by salesmen in the more esoteric galleries. A man whom I greatly respected as a most sensitive judge of painting once made use of it in my presence in front of Bellini's "Doge Loredano" in the National Gallery. "By any standard truly significant," he murmured, in an ecstasy of aesthetic appreciation. "Significant of what?" said I. He didn't answer, either because he did not know, or perhaps because I was obviously too dim to be entrusted with the secret. Ever afterwards his manner towards me was somewhat reserved, and I remain in the dark to this day.

If the word is puzzling and unilluminating when applied to great masterpieces, it is surely even more misplaced when it is used in respect of the crafts rather than the arts. I have come across it recently in a book about ceramics, and herewith once again register disapproval. The more potters play about with clay, the more noble, ingenious, or gay or even trivial shapes they produce, the better I'm pleased as long as no one tries to persuade me that they are significant of anything. If, as I think, it is a mistake to apply this amorphous idea to pottery—John Keats' Greek vase, for example—it seems an even greater mistake to refer in this high-falutin' fashion to porcelain, which (apart from its value in the production of useful tableware) lends itself so admirably to amusing fairyland nonsense.

But I suppose that if you are naturally serious and intense you will by now be too shocked to read further, still less to look at the wholly absurd and frivolous clock of Fig 1, which, I insist, signifies nothing. Many will find it tiresomely complicated—some, among whom I include myself—manage to think ourselves back into a luxurious and vanished age, and pay it—this wedding-cake clock, I mean—the light-hearted respect which was then given to it, for here is a brittle boudoir fantasy, a sophisticated kindergarten soufflé, from which could be deduced, even if nothing else of its period had survived, the ideals of a society as



FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF FRANCO-GERMAN COLLABORATION : THE CLOCK, FRENCH (BY GUIOT), THE PORCELAIN FLOWERS AND FIGURES, MEISSEN. (Height 16½ ins.)

This eighteenth-century clock, dating from 1750, is an example of Franco-German collaboration. The clock itself is French and the porcelain flowers and figures are Meissen. The figures, known as "The Spanish Lovers," are models by J. J. Kaendler.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MEISSEN AND CHELSEA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

brittle as itself. The clock is French (by Guiot, of Paris), the porcelain ornaments are Meissen, the two central figures, known as "The Spanish Lovers," are models by J. J. Kaendler, who is the best-known and, on the whole, the most original of several distinguished modellers employed at the factory; indeed, he is the man who, with her crinoline fashions and air of somewhat insipid languor, started what became known the



FIG. 2. TIED REALISTICALLY AT EACH END, WITH ONE STICK BENT TO FORM A HANDLE: A CHELSEA COVERED DISH IN THE FORM OF A BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS. (Length 7 ins.)

"It was a remarkable decade from 1750 onwards. Porcelain was more than a fashion; it was a craze... Apart from figures, bottles, etc., there was an immense variety of tableware in all kinds of shapes, everyone indulging such wild fantasies as tureens in the shape of birds or vegetables, and covered dishes in the shape of fish or cauliflowers or asparagus."

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.



FIG. 3. "AS NEAR NATURE AS MAKES NO MATTER": A CHELSEA SOUP TUREEN IN THE FORM OF A MELON. (Length 6½ ins.)

"The melon, like the asparagus bundle, is as near nature as makes no matter—yellow to greenish-yellow—while the handle is formed of a pale turquoise twisted stalk, with yellow flowers and large leaves."

world over as "the Dresden Shepherdess" on her long and successful career. She was born about 1740. For a long time she remained a nice, well-bred girl. Then, when about 100 years old, though endowed with eternal youth, as everybody knows, she took to keeping bad company and to wearing a lot of lace petticoats and prancing about in ill-matched colours; in short, she took the wrong turning altogether. It has been a sad business.

A certain nostalgic feeling for an era which could produce such refined frivolities is counterbalanced by what we know of the condition of the people; too many were living in ivory towers and too few had the chance of climbing up. This is a thought which must have struck any who visited the exhibition of South German Baroque art at the Victoria and Albert Museum last November. But while the old order in Europe lasted, there did seem a chance that something approaching an intelligent interchange of ideas might come about without a long succession of civil wars (I assume that all wars among Europeans are by definition civil wars), and even such bits of nonsense as this clock are evidence of the possibility of Franco-German collaboration—this, and the fact that half the designs on Meissen porcelain, as well as many figures, were taken from French prints after Watteau, Boucher, and their followers. What actually happened we know to our cost.

But enough of moralising. Meissen, as the earliest porcelain factory on the scene, naturally set the pace, and the other, later, factories were inevitably influenced by it, sometimes to the extent of more or less exact copying (with or without a bogus mark—the famous crossed-sabers mark), and then—often

with felicitous grace—blossoming out into their own special styles.

This little Chelsea figure (Fig. 4) will do as well as any to illustrate what the English factory could accomplish at its best period—i.e., during the five years from 1753 to 1758, when the mark was a small brown or red anchor; the creamy soft paste, the delicate painting, the natural pose. Slightly insipid? Such things were not made to teach us the history of salvation or to grace the tomb of a king, or to wring our withers, but to decorate a drawing-room where teacups tinkle, not a place where you discuss the eternal verities. We owe this high quality partly to the spirit of the age, partly to the standard set first by Meissen, before the Seven Years War, which began in 1756; then by the French at Sèvres, and partly also to the business acumen, plus the fine taste, of the Chelsea manager, Nicolas Sprimont, originally trained as a silversmith and, as his name indicates, of French or Flemish extraction, who was in charge from 1750 until 1769. Who shall say what this island owes to foreign immigrants from the earliest times, both in industry and the arts? It was a remarkable decade from 1750 onwards. Porcelain was more than a fashion: it was a craze. Sales were held annually, and the catalogues for the second and third sales, those of 1755 and 1756, are preserved in the British Museum. Apart from figures, bottles, etc., there was an immense variety of tableware in all kinds of shapes, everyone indulging such wild fantasies as tureens in the shape of birds or vegetables, and covered dishes in the shape of fish or cauliflowers or asparagus. I appear to be alone in the wide, wide world in holding this fashion to be detestable, even revolting, but as I have not the least wish to impose my own irrational prejudices upon anybody, here are two rare and authentic examples for your delectation, a melon tureen and an asparagus-covered dish (Figs. 3 and 2). The asparagus is tied at each end into a bundle and one of the sticks forms the handle; the melon, like the asparagus bundle, is as near nature as makes no matter—yellow to greenish-yellow—while the handle is formed of a pale turquoise twisted stalk, with yellow flowers and large leaves.

Once you have become familiar with the products of these years at Chelsea—especially with the figures—you grow impatient with the later work; the tender genial naïvety becomes somehow affected and pretentious by comparison, the ornament over-elaborate. That is so often the trouble with a successful enterprise dependent upon the world of fashion; one must always be chasing after something new in order to attract custom, and it is too much to hope that you can, in the days of success, recapture the spirit of gay adventure which inspired you when you were not so sure of yourself.



FIG. 4. TYPICAL OF THE CHELSEA "RED ANCHOR" PERIOD : A CHARMING FIGURE OF A GIRL KNOWN AS "SPRING." (Height 5½ ins.)

"This little Chelsea figure will do as well as any to illustrate what the English factory could accomplish at its best period—i.e., during the five years from 1753 to 1758, when the mark was a small brown or red anchor...."



SPAIN DEMONSTRATES
HER MONARCHIST
LEANINGS:
PRINCE JUAN CARLOS,
POSSIBLE FUTURE KING,
SON OF DON JUAN,
THE CLAIMANT
TO THE THRONE,
WELCOMED IN MADRID.

(LEFT.) AFTER LEAVING THE LUSITANIA EXPRESS IN MADRID: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS (THIRD FROM LEFT), SON OF THE CLAIMANT TO THE SPANISH THRONE, WITH THE DUKE DE LA TORRE (IN UNIFORM). THE PRINCE IS A GRANDSON OF THE LATE KING ALFONSO XIII., AND OF QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF SPAIN. THROUGH HIS GRANDMOTHER, WHO WAS FORMERLY PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG, HE IS RELATED TO THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.



WITH HIS YOUNG BROTHER, PRINCE ALFONSO, AT THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF MONTELLANO: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS, WHO IS TO COMPLETE HIS EDUCATION IN SPAIN.



GREETING SPANISH LADIES: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS. THE DUCHESS OF SANTONA, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBA, IS SHOWN CENTRE (HATLESS).

ON January 18, Prince Juan Carlos, seventeen-year-old son of Don Juan, claimant to the Spanish throne, arrived in Madrid from Lisbon with the Duke de la Torre, who is to take charge of his education in Spain. The Prince stepped from the express to the sound of shouts of "Viva Don Juan!" and "Viva el Rey!" ; and proceeded to the palace of the Duke of Montellano, where he will live during the next six months when preparing for his entry into the Saragossa Military Academy. His arrival in Spain was arranged at the meeting between Don Juan and General Franco on December 29, after which it was announced that the Prince would complete his education in Spain "for the better service of his country for the place which he occupies in the dynasty." It has not, however, been stated whether Don Juan or Prince Juan Carlos will be the next King of Spain. General Franco has merely recognised the Bourbon Dynasty for the restoration of the monarchy, to take place when he retires as Head of the State.

(RIGHT.) WELCOMED BY CROWDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC MONARCHISTS AS THE TRAIN FROM LISBON ARRIVES IN MADRID: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

RECENTLY I was asked if I could obtain some photographs showing how the stripes of zebras cause these animals to fade into their background. Needless to say, I failed, for reasons which will become apparent as we proceed. The camouflage value of a zebra's stripes is a very vexed question. Francis Galton wrote, a century ago : "No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to the common idea, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous he would be seen as a black mass : if the white, as a white one ; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the

LION'S VIEW OF ZEBRAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

uses these to demonstrate that the vertical stripes may alter "the zebra's apparent size—and therefore distance—[so that] the stripes may cause a predator to misjudge its leap." My impression is that a lion pounces, the final attack being at close quarters, when no such optical illusion is likely to help the zebra. Indeed, Cott's suggestion epitomises the general failure to see the zebras from the lion's point-of-view.

I have seen film-shots of lions with a fresh kill, still kicking, taken in broad daylight, so presumably they hunt by day as well as by night. Then there are



LONG HELD AS EXAMPLES OF EFFICIENT NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE: ZEBRAS WITH THEIR BOLD BLACK AND WHITE STRIPES WHICH APPEAR CONSPICUOUS UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES AS BEHIND TREES (LEFT); FACING THE CAMERA (CENTRE); OR SHARPLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKYLINE (RIGHT). TO BE SAID FOR THE NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE THEORY.

pale tint which the arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight."

Vaughan Kirby, in his "Haunts of Wild Game" (1896), says : "I have often been riding up to them, when some other object has drawn my attention off for a few moments; glance again, and they are gone utterly, vanished like a mist-wreath at sunrise . . . few animals are so easily lost sight of, if once the attention is taken from them. . ." Stewart White, in "The Rediscovered Country," adds : "... in the thin cover described he is the most invisible of animals. The stripes of white and black so confuse him with the cover that he is absolutely unseen at the most absurd ranges." Pycraft, in "Camouflage in Nature" (1925), tells us that the stripes "have a highly protective value, in spite of very emphatic assertions to the contrary. . . . Thus masked he [the zebra] escapes the eye of the prowling lion, at any rate so long as he remains motionless. For no one supposes that absolute immunity is secured by this 'mantle of invisibility.' It is effective just when it is most needed; that is to say, when the wearer is at rest." The final quotation is from Cott, "Adaptive Coloration of Animals" (1940) : "In full sunlight and in open country, the zebra may be a conspicuous enough object. But in the dusk, when he is liable to be attacked, and in country affording thin cover, he is one of the least recognised game animals."

Here, then, we have a strong team to give testimony to the effective camouflage of the stripes, but as Pycraft has pointed out, there have been dissentient voices raised, and such voices are still being raised, not from armchair critics but from those who know the African big-game well. Is it that the alleged camouflage, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder? If so, what does the lion's eye see? It is, after all, the lion that first hunted the zebra and was the main enemy of the zebra until firearms were invented.

My knowledge of zebras and lions is restricted to seeing both these animals in zoos, to reading about them, examining photographs of them, and talking about them to those more fortunate than myself who have seen these noble beasts in the wild. In Cott's book, the author gives (page 94) a pair of rectangles side by side, of equal size, the one patterned with black stripes longitudinally on a white ground, the other similar but with a pattern of vertical stripes. These produce an optical illusion, the one with vertical stripes—the zebra-type—appearing the larger. Cott



gives one the impression that this may be partly true for this big cat. In any event, how can we know how a lion's eyes function by comparison with our own. If, like the domestic cat, it can see better at night than we are able, we cannot be sure that the zebra's stripes impart a "mantle of invisibility" at night where a lion is concerned.

Judged purely by the shape and relative size of a lion's muzzle, I would suspect a keener sense of smell than in the domestic cat. And from the way the ears of a lion in repose are constantly moving, and independently of each other, I would suspect that hearing is acute and directional hearing efficient. Certainly I would rate a lion's powers of smell and



JUST AS CONSPICUOUS—FROM THE HUMAN POINT OF VIEW—AS IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS: ZEBRAS SEEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SAVANNAH IN CENTRAL AFRICA. THE LION, WHICH IS THE ZEBRA'S MAIN NATURAL PREDATOR, PROBABLY LOCATES THE ZEBRA AT LEAST AS MUCH BY SMELL AND HEARING AS BY SIGHT, AND TO IT THE ZEBRA IS LIKELY TO BE A SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SKYLINE.

a number of descriptions of lions lying up by water-holes to prey on game as they come down to drink, when, because the zebras are moving, no camouflage would be effective. As Pycraft rightly suggests, camouflage is effective mainly when the wearer is at rest.

In his article on this page Dr. Burton discusses the vexed question of the camouflage value of a zebra's stripes. After sifting the evidence for and against, Dr. Burton reaches the conclusion that the striping may "quite incidentally and fortuitously prove effective camouflage under special conditions, but that, it seems, is the most we can claim for it." The best description of the manner in which the stripes of zebras seem to "fade out" records that the animals, under certain light conditions, appear more or less brownish for a few seconds before the stripes reappear once again after the short period of accommodation necessary for the human eye. But the most interesting point is that the outline of the animal reappears first—and this is contrary to what one would expect in view of the general theory that bold striping disrupts an animal's outline.

hearing higher than mine, and would, as a consequence, venture the following comparison. I often take walks after dark around fields where cattle are grazing. Even on dark nights when, in spite of my good night-sight, I cannot see the cattle, I can hear them blowing or hear the occasional sounds of hoofs, even the sounds of cropping grass. Horses are less noisy, but even they give tell-tale sounds. I would suggest that a lion, like any other predator, has some knowledge of the habits of its prey-species, and uses this to close in on it, and uses smell, hearing and sight, probably in that order, in locating its quarry when it is at close quarters.

If the stripes of zebras form such an effective camouflage, we have then to explain why in most areas lions prey largely on these "invisible" animals when there is plenty of more conspicuous game occupying the same area or even the same habitat. Moreover, not only does the pattern of a zebra's coat vary according to the species, but also from one part of its range to another (that is, remembering that to each species there are several sub-species). As to the quagga, the most southerly zebra, most individuals had stripes only on the foreparts and the legs, tail and undersides were whitish. If there is anything in the camouflage theory, the quagga was a sort of equine Iolanthe, one-half of the body being good solid conspicuous flesh and the other half capable of disappearing at a moment's notice. Yet in spite of the attacks by lions, the quagga was as numerous as any other zebra until man wiped it out. Perhaps the most significant observation is obtained if we view the family *Equidae* as a whole. This family contains the horses, asses and zebras. The only true wild horse surviving is the Mongolian wild horse. This has

a dark stripe down the middle of the back, an inconspicuous shoulder stripe, and the legs usually barred with black up to the knees. The wild asses have the dorsal stripe, shoulder stripe and, sometimes, stripes on the lower legs. It does not take much imagination to see that if we could have all species of *Equidae* that have ever lived ranged in series, we should find all grades of striping, from that of the Mongolian wild horse to the most completely striped zebra. In other words, striping is a family trait. It may quite incidentally and fortuitously prove effective camouflage under special conditions, but that, it seems, is the most we can claim for it.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge.

Then there are two further points that strike me. Is the evidence of the eyes of a man mounted on a horse reliable as a criterion of what a lion sees? For that matter, does not the angle of sight of a man standing differ considerably from that of a lion? The nearer the eyes are to the ground the lower the skyline will be and the more a tall animal like a zebra will be outlined against it. No camouflage is effective when its wearer is silhouetted. The second point concerns the lion's senses. It has been said, perhaps with some measure of truth, that the domestic cat can see—that is, presumably, its eyes are caught by—only a moving object. Certainly watching a lion in a zoo

MAGIC, AND NEW INVENTIONS, AND A PARISIAN
SYSTEM OF FINING TRAFFIC OFFENDERS.



THERE'S MAGIC IN THE AIR...! TRUXA, THE FAMOUS DANISH CABARET ARTIST, INDULGING IN A LITTLE LEVITATION WITH HIS WIFE ON TOP OF A LORRY.

Passers-by at Tower Hill on January 20 were unable to believe their eyes when they saw Truxa, the Danish cabaret artist, standing on top of a lorry demonstrating his powers of mind over matter. His partner, who is his wife, lay on a plank which was resting on a kind of semi-cylindrical trough under which were two supports that, when removed, left his partner suspended in mid-air without any visible means of support.



NOT A JUGGLER, BUT A DEMONSTRATOR OF UNBREAKABLE BOTTLES OF MILK AT THE FOURTH PACKAGING EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

At the fourth Packaging Exhibition, which was opened at Olympia on January 18 by Mr. Crookshank, the Lord Privy Seal, there were more than 200 exhibitors showing, and the increasing use of plastics for wrappings was a noticeable feature of the exhibition. Many varieties of polythene bottles were on view, and one firm, Fibrenyle Ltd., showed milk bottles, unbreakable and a third lighter than their glass equivalents, as an example of the possible use of this material in the future.



TESTING THE RAILWAY-TRACK AT WEST HAMPSTEAD FOR FLAWS: A GANGER WITH A NEW ULTRA-SONIC DETECTOR NOW BEING USED BY BRITISH RAILWAYS.

A special instrument has been introduced by British Railways to help permanent-way men to detect invisible flaws in the track. This "electric ear" is carried by a ganger with an electric battery in a knapsack. He slides the detecting probe at the end of the rod along the track and an audible, or visual, signal is given when it passes over a defect in the rail.



PAYING UP, ON THE SPOT: A PARIS MOTORIST WHO HAS BEEN GUILTY OF PARKING HIS CAR WITHOUT SWITCHING ON HIS LIGHTS.

Under a new by-law, certain Paris traffic policemen have been authorised to collect fines on the spot from motorists guilty of traffic offences. The offender has the choice of going for trial, but it has been made known that fines imposed in court are likely to be twice those inflicted on the spot. Above, a motorist is paying 900 francs (about 18s.) to traffic policemen for parking without lights.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY, THE CRISIS IN PANAMA, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



MONTE CARLO RALLY WINNERS: MRS. A. HALL, MRS. F. CLARKE AND MISS SHEILA VAN DAMM, BRITISH WOMEN'S TEAM, WINNERS OF THE LADIES' CUP IN A SUNBEAM; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) MR. PER MALLING (NORWAY), WHO WON THE RALLY IN A SUNBEAM, AND HIS COMPANION, MR. G. FADUM.

British cars were prominent in the final placings of the twenty-fifth Monte Carlo Rally which, owing to the severe weather, was a particularly gruelling test this year. The Rally was won by Mr. Per Malling, accompanied by Mr. G. Fadum, private Norwegian entrants, who started from Oslo in a British Sunbeam. They had the lowest penalty points, with a total of 405. The Ladies' Cup was won

by a British women's team, Miss Sheila Van Damm, Mrs. A. Hall and Mrs. F. Clarke in a Sunbeam. Three Jaguars, driven by J. Appleyard, R. Adams, and C. Vard, won the prize for the best team of three nominated cars of the same make; and the prize for the best three cars of the same make in the Rally irrespective of nominations went to Sunbeam. Mr. Malling (Sunbeam) and Mr. Gatsonides (Aston-Martin) gained Class Awards.



BATHING IN MID-WINTER IN THE CHILLY WATERS OF A TOKYO RIVER: JAPANESE GIRLS, WITH PARASOLS HELD aloft, IN AN EXHIBITION OF STUNT SWIMMING BEFORE A LARGE CROWD. MID-WINTER SWIMMING IS AN ANNUAL AND POPULAR EVENT IN TOKYO.



WITH THEIR BAG OF TWENTY-SIX FOXES: FARMERS OF THE BERE ALSTON AREA, NEAR TAVISTOCK, DEVON, AFTER A TWO-DAY SHOOT. FOXES IN THE DISTRICT HAD BEEN INCREASING VERY RAPIDLY AND MUCH DAMAGE WAS BEING CAUSED TO POULTRY.



(LEFT) PANAMA'S THIRD PRESIDENT SINCE THE NEW YEAR: SENOR RICARDO ARIAS ESPINOSA (LEFT) BEING SWORN IN AFTER HIS PREDECESSOR WAS IMPEACHED FOR ALLEGED COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATION OF HIS PREDECESSOR.

The murder of the President of Panama, President Remón, on January 2, who was machine-gunned at a party at the Juan Franco race-course, was followed by intensive enquiries and among those arrested was a former President, Dr. Arnulfo Arias. U.S. and Cuban help was sought in the enquiries by the new President, Senor José Ramón Guizado, and big rewards were offered. On the dawn of January 15, however, President Guizado was put under house arrest and impeached, since a lawyer, Rubén Miro, was stated to have confessed to the murder of President Remón and to have said that President Guizado was fully aware of the plot. A new President, Ricardo Arias Espinosa, was sworn in, and a commission of enquiry was set up.



RUBÉN MIRO, THE PANAMIAN LAWYER, WHO CONFESSED TO THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT REMÓN AND IMPLICATED PRESIDENT GUIZADO.

AMERICA'S "ATOMIC STORAGE VAULTS."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE IRON MOUNTAIN ATOMIC STORAGE VAULTS, NEAR HUDSON : AN EXPRESS VEHICLE ABOUT TO BACK INTO THE LOADING DOCK TO DELIVER RECORDS FOR STORAGE.



SHOWING THE ENTRANCES TO PRIVATE SAFES : IN THE DEPTHS OF THE IRON MOUNTAIN ATOMIC STORAGE VAULTS.

PLACING VALUABLES IN STORE : A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF "THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD."



SHOWING ITS MAZE OF BOMB-PROOF, WEATHER-PROOF CONCRETE-LINED PASSAGES : A MODEL OF THE IRON MOUNTAIN ATOMIC STORAGE VAULTS, WHICH IS SHIELDED BY A "BLANKET" OF RADIATION-REPELLING MAGNETIC IRON-ORE.

The Iron Mountain Atomic Storage Vaults, Hudson, New York, constructed in 1951 at a cost of about 1,000,000 dollars, has been described as "the safest place in the world." It consists of more than 1,000,000 cubic ft. of bomb-proof, water-proof, fire-proof, burglar-proof, temperature and humidity-controlled storage space, situated deep in an old iron-mine. The network of tunnels (whose actual layout deviates slightly—for security reasons—from that shown in the plan) is approached by a 28-ton vault door, while it is covered by a 160-ft.-thick "blanket" of radiation-repelling magnetic iron-ore. The tunnels are concrete-lined and have air-conditioned private vaults leading out of them, which industrial concerns can rent to store important records and drawings; while some private individuals have taken safes to keep jewels, works of art and other valued possessions in security. One lady, it is stated, preserves a whole wardrobe there lest her clothes should be destroyed in a sudden air attack.

U.S. SERVICEMEN DETAINED IN CHINA.

Photographs of U.S. Servicemen detained in China were brought to America by Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary General, United Nations, after his visit to China to attempt to make arrangements for their release. The men round the table at a meal-time who have been identified are (l. to r.), Colonel J. K. Arnold, Maryland; Captain Eugene J. Vaadi, Clayton, New York; (two unknown men); Airman 2nd Class J. W. Thompson, Virginia; 1st Lt. J. W. Buck, Tennessee; Airman 1st Class S. E. Kiba, Akron, Ohio; 1st Lt. W. L. Brown, Alabama (three unknown), and Captain Elmer F. Llewellyn, Missoula, Montana. The Chinese Communist Government announced on January 20 that facilities for relatives to visit Americans held in China would be given through Red Cross arrangements. The U.S. Defence Department has made it clear that relatives would travel at their own risk on reaching China.



EATING AN APPARENTLY AMPLE MEAL : A CHINESE COMMUNIST PHOTOGRAPH OF AMERICAN SERVICE MEN DETAINED IN CHINA, ONE OF A SET BROUGHT BACK BY MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD.



WRITING HOME : THREE U.S. AIRMEN, D. C. SCHMIDT, CALIFORNIA, H. M. BENJAMIN, JNR., WORTHINGTON, MINN., AND 1ST LT. W. L. BROWN, ALABAMA.



A CARD GAME IN PROGRESS : U.S. AIR FORCE MEN IDENTIFIED AS D. C. SCHMIDT, CALIFORNIA ; J. W. THOMPSON, VIRGINIA ; W. H. BAUMER, LEWISBURG, PA. ; W. L. BROWN, ALABAMA ; AND H. M. BENJAMIN, JNR., WORTHINGTON, MINN.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A VOICE AT THE VIC.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHATEVER critics may write of John Neville's Richard the Second, he can hold that he won from an Old Vic audience the loudest cheer we remember in a theatre famed for its first-night receptions.

It is, of course, a magnificent part, whether in the first "rash, fierce blaze of riot" or as "unking'd Richard"; and during the last twenty years we have had several performances (I think of seven at least) to excite us. Curiously, this is the first in Waterloo Road since Maurice Evans, as far back as 1934,



"WE ARE HAPPY TO HEAR JOHN NEVILLE'S SPEAKING AT A TIME WHEN SHAKESPEAREAN VERSE IS SO OFTEN MAULED": "RICHARD THE SECOND" (OLD VIC), SHOWING BOLINGBROKE (ERIC PORTER) KNEELING TO KING RICHARD (JOHN NEVILLE).

created a Richard he would repeat in the New York that has claimed him. I shall think of John Neville for his extreme beauty of speech. That night I came to the Vic tired and worried, with a very difficult decision to make. But Shakespeare and Mr. Neville, between them, rubbed away care, and it was not until we were out in the frosty night that the cloud loomed again.

I have, for once, to disagree with a respected colleague who suggests that Mr. Neville, in the later scenes, was "listening to the sound of his own voice speaking lovely verse." The actor seemed to me to give a most just impression of the fallen King, conscious artist in grief, and this without over-subtilising, trying too hard for the character that some say was born in a famous essay of C. E. Montague. I could listen for a long time to Mr. Neville's voice. We have had to complain so much in recent years about the standard of verse-speaking. Shakespeare has been chopped and gulped, blurred and choked. I recall a Romeo who talked of the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand as if he were giving direction to a cabman; a Hamlet who quite divorced the part from poetry; and various rumble-mumble Othellos. In Shakespeare generally there has been too much quick toss-it-away gabbling; "I've got that bit over; it's your turn."

But John Neville speaks verse. Let us be grateful. His acting can be more supple; that will come. We cannot doubt his sensibility; when he is around there is, as there should be, music in the air. I admired him in the Coventry scene of "Richard," in that intensely difficult speech—challenge to an actor's breath-control—beginning "Draw near"; and also in the farewell to his Queen, though there I do not think that the producer should have them seated on the ground. Richard is hampered when he must turn upon Northumberland. I cannot forget Maurice Evans's flinging gesture at "Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne!" But,

earlier, nothing could have bettered Mr. Neville's resigned

"I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death . . ."

I am not saying here that this is the best acting of Richard in my recollection; but it is certainly the best speaking for a long time. Mr. Neville deserved those first-night shouts. Others in the cast are reasonable. Robert Hardy impressed me in the traditional "double" of Mowbray and a very human Bishop of Carlisle. The Bishop had not to announce Mowbray's death at Venice; that was cut, for Michael Benthall (the producer) got over the difficulty of the "gages" scene in Westminster Hall by leaving it out altogether. The scene, as acted, opens at "Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee from plume-pluck'd Richard."

Some of the text has been treated unexpectedly. We are used by now to the loss of the Duchess of York and the Aumerle sub-plot, though some of us grieve for York's description of Richard's entry into London which Frank Napier once did finely. We are not so used to the cutting of the first half of the last scene, with the news of the rebels' defeat, and the substitution of those lines from the third scene of the fifth act, in which Bolingbroke is asking after his "unthrifty son." With "Henry the Fourth" due at the Vic later this spring, we can understand Mr. Benthall's decision; the first mention of Prince Hal does act as a "link." (Incidentally, it was amusing in this scene to hear Bolingbroke as he fumbled for the line, "as dissolute as desperate," and—with almost Bensonian presence of mind—echoed instead the words "As full of valour as of royal blood" that, a moment before, had been spoken by Sir Pierce of Exton, up in Pomfret.) I was sorry, in the coffin scene, to lose the words "of Bordeaux" in Exton's "Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought," an odd little cut that brought us up with a needless jerk.

Neither Mr. Benthall's production nor Leslie Hurry's sets had any obtrusive fuss. It was all straight and, for the most part, well-voiced, though I have never heard anyone so far from death as the dying John of Gaunt. The actor declaimed his last speech as if he were standing on Land's End trying to shout across to the Isles of Scilly, and it was something of a surprise, as well as a relief, when Northumberland came back with the news that Gaunt's tongue "is now a stringless instrument; Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent."

On the previous night I had an alarming experience at the Theatre Royal, Stratford (Stratford-atte-Bowe), where the Theatre Workshop company also attempted "Richard the Second." I imagine that this aspiring team was eager to show the mediæval "lords of England" as a peculiarly unpleasant set of weaklings and thugs. But the verse was mangled and minced, and I have seldom been more embarrassed in a theatre than during the Deposition,

Farewell and Pomfret scenes. Here the actor set out, presumably, to prove that Richard was turning to a dangerous madman. It was all a thing of wild and whirling words. One wanted to say; "How sour sweet music is, When time is broke and no proportion kept!" The company got a few sombre effects; but no one came really well out of the night, except Howard Goorney, who appeared as Gaunt, Scroop, the Gardener, and Exton, and who seemed to be full of fight to the last. I have had pleasure from Theatre Workshop; now ambition o'erleaped itself.

Yet again I found that Mowbray—however played—can hardly fail to get our sympathy. An historian says: "It is not possible to pronounce a final verdict upon Mowbray's character while we have to suspend our judgment as to what part he played in the mysterious death of the Duke of Gloucester. But at best he was no better than the rest of the little knot of selfish, ambitious nobles, mostly of the blood royal, into which the older baronage had now shrunk, and whose quarrels already preluded their extinction at each others' hands in the Wars of the Roses." Doubtless, but our hearts are with Mowbray as he leaves the lists at Coventry:

"Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray,
Save back to England all the world's my way."

It was at Coventry, some years ago, that I saw "Yes, Farewell," by Michael Burn, one of the best prisoner-of-war dramas I recall. Later Mr. Burn made a brave experiment, "The Modern Everyman." Now his first London play, "The Night of the Ball" (New Theatre), is a disappointment. I found it like an elaborate matrix without a jewel to set in it. A wealthy host gives a great London ball, trying for a moment to shut off the realities of the present and to bid the golden years return. Probably the ball is a success;



A TRIPLE BILL OF THREE SKETCHES BASED ON THE WORK OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM (SHOLOM RABINOVICH), WHO WROTE ABOUT LIFE IN THE JEWISH COMMUNITIES OF THE UKRAINE: "THE WORLD OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM" (EMBASSY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE LAST PIECE, "THE HIGH SCHOOL."

In our last issue (dated January 22), Mr. Trewin discussed "The World of Sholom Aleichem," at the Embassy in Swiss Cottage, a theatre which has another new management and "which we can hope . . . may yet blossom in the old style." This scene from "The High School"—the third play in the triple bill—shows (l. to r.) Moishe (Jeremy Spenser), Uncle Max (John Barrard), Aunt Reba (Kitty Davies), Aaron Katz (Meier Tzelniker), Hannah Katz (Miriam Karlin), "Cousin Fanny's latest" (Gerald Blake), and Cousin Fanny (Joan Drummond).

but we have to sit in the background with a few selected people whose story, as it is developed with a great deal of restless drifting, is uncommonly faint. Wendy Hiller, Gladys Cooper, Robert Harris, and the others (especially that delightful actor, Brian Oulton) do their best for us—and they would grace any text. Even so, the play reminds me of a Gilbertian line, "Oh, hollow! hollow! hollow!"

I have felt like that, before now, at a Pirandello play; but "The Rules of the Game" (Arts) is more direct than usual: a conversation-piece, sharply-contrived, with one character—a complacent husband, always one move ahead—in which Donald Pleasence shows again how curiously sinister he can be without apparent effort. In his presence King Richard would have abdicated immediately.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE NIGHT OF THE BALL" (New).—This ball at a great London house (presumably in the year 1954) is of an almost Edwardian splendour. But the host, who has tried for one summer night to restore past glories, finds that the modern world is too much with him. Michael Burn is an intelligent dramatist; but his play trickles along without any excitement of narrative. The cast—Wendy Hiller, Gladys Cooper, and others—act as well as we expect; and I wish that such an actor as Brian Oulton could appear in a more rewarding piece. (January 12.)

"THE RULES OF THE GAME" (Arts).—A study of a complacent husband, angry wife, and harassed lover. It begins dully, but Pirandello—translated here by Robert Rietty and Noel Cregeen—develops it with authority and cunning; the last curtain is a theatrical stroke. (January 13.)

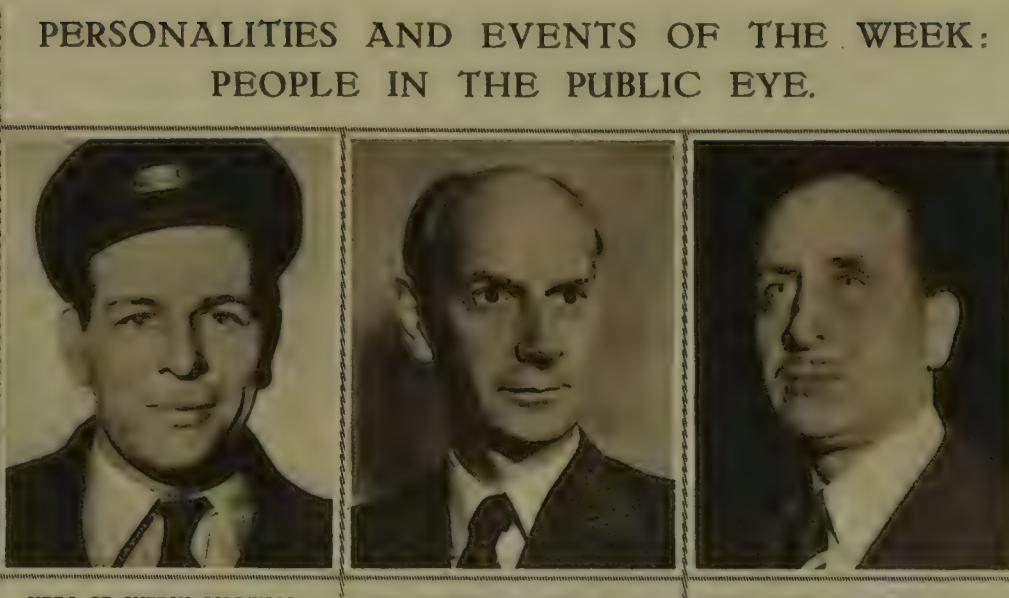
"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—A rough-and-ready treatment of the lyric tragedy. (January 17.)

"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Old Vic).—We are happy to hear John Neville's speaking at a time when Shakespearean verse is so often mauled. The first-night audience "rose" at him excitingly. (January 18.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON : HERR HANS HERWATH.
Herr Hans Herwath von Bittenfeld, who has been appointed to succeed Dr. Schlaeger-Schönenberg, at present Head of the German Diplomatic Mission in London, will, it is understood, only use the title of Ambassador when the occupation régime in Western Germany has formally been ended. He is at present Chief of Protocol of the Federal Government.



HERO OF SUTTON COLDFIELD TRAIN DISASTER : FIREMAN DEREK SMITH.

Travelling in the York-Bristol train, which crashed at Sutton Coldfield on January 23, Fireman Derek Smith managed to make his way to the signal box and threw all the signals over to red, and then placed detonators on the line, thus warning the oncoming Birmingham-York express in time for it to stop.

NEW NORWEGIAN PRIME MINISTER : HR. EINAR GERHARDSEN.

Mr. Gerhardsen was formerly Prime Minister of Norway, 1945-51, since when he has been leader of the Labour Party in the Storting. He is also chairman of the Norwegian Labour Party. His appointment as Prime Minister in succession to Mr. Oscar Torp was announced on January 21. Mr. Torp resigned on January 15 at his own request.

NEW AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON : PRINCE JOHANNES SCHWARZENBERG.

The new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Prince Schwarzenberg, is a career diplomat. Born in 1903, he was *en poste* in Rome in 1933, and in Berlin in 1936; he left the service in 1938; was, from 1940-46, with the Red Cross in Geneva, and became Austrian Ambassador in Rome in 1947.



APPOINTED FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER : M. EDGAR FAURE.

In a reshuffle of his Cabinet on January 20 M. Mendès-France appointed M. Faure (Radical) as Minister of Foreign Affairs, the portfolio which he has hitherto combined with that of Prime Minister. M. Faure, a former Prime Minister of France, has been succeeded as Finance Minister by M. Robert Burton (M.R.P.), previously Minister for Overseas Territories.



FREED BY THE U.S.S.R. AFTER NEARLY SIX YEARS IN CAPTIVITY : PRIVATE W. VERDINE, U.S. ARMY (LEFT), AT THE U.S. HOSPITAL, WEST BERLIN.

Private William Verdine, aged twenty-eight, was released by the Soviet authorities on January 20 and arrived in West Berlin after having been returned to an American Army liaison officer at the Karlhorst H.Q. in East Berlin. Verdine had been notified as absent without leave since February 1949, when he disappeared from his unit in West Germany.

ELECTED MASTER OF PETERHOUSE : PROFESSOR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD.

Professor Butterfield, who has been elected Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge University, in succession to the late Mr. P. C. Vellacott, has been a Fellow of the College since 1923. He was Lecturer in History at Peterhouse from 1930 to 1944, since when he has held the Chair of Modern History at the University.



THE MYSTERIOUS WRITER OF THE MYSTERY NOVEL, "HISTOIRE D'O," AWARDED THE DEUX MAGOTS PRIZE FOR 1955 : PAULINE REAGE RECEIVING IT HOODED.

The Deux Magots Prize for 1955, for the best mystery novel of the year published in France, has been awarded to the writer who uses the *nom de guerre* of Pauline Reage for her "Histoire d'O." She received it, hooded and gloved, so as to preserve her mysterious anonymity. She is shown with MM. Simonin (left) and R. Queneau, previous winners.



DIED ON JANUARY 19 : THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, Dean of Chichester since 1929, was seventy-five. A leading spokesman of the Church on foreign affairs and on the Christian attitude to war, he once flew to Berlin to interview Hitler, and his book "The Struggle for Religious Freedom in Germany" was published in 1938. He was chairman of the Church Music Society, 1946.



A NEW AMATEUR SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPION :

R. B. R. WILSON.

In his third successive final, R. B. R. Wilson (Surrey) won the Amateur Championship, beating the holder, A. Fairbairn (Middlesex), by 9-7, 8-10, 9-6, 9-4, at the Lansdowne Club, London, on January 17. Wilson's achievement in winning this match and being twice runner-up is made more remarkable in that a few years ago he was badly injured in an accident.



THE ARMY'S FIRST WOMAN DIRECTOR OF MUSIC : CAPTAIN JEAN MACDOWALL.

At a passing-out parade on January 19 of National Service men at the Maidstone dépôt of The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, a staff band of the Women's Royal Army Corps was directed by Captain Jean Macdowall. It was her first public parade since she became the Army's first woman director of music.



BREAKER OF ATHLETIC RECORDS IN SOUTH AFRICA : C. J. CHATAWAY.

C. J. Chataway, the British three-miles record-holder, set up new records in South Africa on Jan. 15, 17 and 19. In Johannesburg he beat the South Transvaal record of 14 mins. 48'4 secs. for three miles by 9 secs.; in Cape Town the South African two miles record of 9 mins. 22'0 secs. by 9'4 secs.; and in Durban won the mile in 4 mins. 13'9 secs., a Natal record.

"WINTER AND ROUGH WEATHER":
AND "OPERATION SNOWDROP" IN



THE SNOLLES SERVE IN PARIS: THE BRIDGE OF THE ALMA, WITH THE EIFFEL TOWER BEHIND, THE ZOUAVE STATUE, ON THE CENTRE PIER, SERVES AS A FLOOD GAUGE.



HEAVY FLOODING IN WEST GERMANY: AN AERIAL VIEW NEAR MANNHEIM. THE RHINE REACHED ITS GREATEST HEIGHT SINCE 1876, WITH ITS TRIBUTARIES STILL RISING.



THE PARISIAN'S FLOOD GAUGE: ONE OF THE STATUES ON THE PIERS OF THE BRIDGE OF THE ALMA. IN 1910 THE LEVEL OF THE WATERS REACHED THE STATUE'S NECK.



CHIVALRY AT ITS MOST ENJOYABLE: A WORKMAN IN THE PARIS SUBURB OF COURBEVOIE CARRYING A GIRL SHOPPER ACROSS THE FLOODED RUE DE L'INDUSTRIE.



FLOOD-WATER IN THE CRYPT OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS. ON JANUARY 21 FIREMEN WERE CALLED ON TO PUMP OUT 15 INS. OF WATER FROM THE CRYPT.



A SNOW-BOUND VILLAGE IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND, WHERE A LARGE "H" HAS BEEN MARKED OUT TO INDICATE A LANDING-PLACE FOR A HELICOPTER BRINGING EMERGENCY SUPPLIES DURING "OPERATION SNOWDROP".



FLOODS FOLLOWED THE SNOW IN KENT; AND THIS AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS TONBRIDGE, WITH RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION GOAL-POSTS EMERGING FROM THE NEWLY FLOOD-WATERS ON A SPORTS GROUND.

The month of January has seen very severe winter weather in the British Isles, France, Germany and most of Central Europe, although a "freak spring" was reported from Hungary. The most drastic effects of this weather were experienced in the north of Scotland, especially in Caithness and Sutherland; and in the valleys of the Rhine and its tributaries; and in the Seine Valley. In the last two cases there was severe flooding; in Scotland terrible blizzards of snow cut off many towns,

villages and homesteads and called for a combined Services relief scheme entitled "Operation Snowdrop." The Rhine reached abnormal levels: at Strasbourg the highest since 1876 and at Bonn the highest for thirty years. There were wide areas of flooding and water invaded the cellars of the houses as far as Bonn. In France, Lyons was threatened by flood, and in many places in the Rhone and Saone Valleys, but the Seine Valley near Paris was probably the worst affected.

FLOODS IN FRANCE, GERMANY AND KENT,
CAITHNESS, SUTHERLAND AND ORKNEY.



THE HELICOPTER AS AMBULANCE IN CAITHNESS: THE AIRCRAFT WAITING BY A CROSS IN THE SNOW TO CARRY A MATERNITY CASE TO WICK.



A SIGNAL FOR CATTLE-FODDER: A LARGE "C," WITH A BONFIRE BURNING NEAR BY, BESIDE A LOVELY CROFT IN THE ORKNEY ISLAND OF SOUTH RONALDSAY, SPOTTED BY A SHACKLETON AIRCRAFT.



WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER IS TO TAKE UP RESIDENCE THIS SUMMER: MEY CASTLE, ON THE NORTH COAST OF CAITHNESS, ONE OF THE COUNTIES WORST AFFECTED BY THE BLIZZARDS.



A WAVE OF THANKS TO THE HELICOPTER WHICH HAD JUST BROUGHT SUPPLIES TO A LOVELY HOMESTEAD. THIS HELICOPTER WAS OPERATING FROM H.M.S. GLOW.



H.M.S. GLOTRY LYING IN LOCH ERIBOLL, ON THE NORTH COAST OF SUTHERLAND, WHERE SHE WAS ANCHORED TO SERVE AS A BASE FOR HELICOPTERS FLYING IN THE RELIEF OPERATIONS IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND.



THE SECOND STEP IN AN AIRBORNE RESCUE OPERATION: AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, WHO HAD BEEN BROUGHT BY HELICOPTER TO WICK HOSPITAL, BEING TAKEN ON TO ABERDEEN IN ANOTHER FOR FURTHER TREATMENT.

In Paris the floods were expected to reach their peak on January 24, when, to take a familiar flood-gauge instance, it was feared that the beard of the Zouave on the Bridge of the Alma might be wet. Emergency measures to meet the floods were in force and some 200 factories were affected by the flood, with about 50,000 men temporarily out of work. In Scotland the worst affected most heavily, especially in Caithness and Sutherland. Here road communications were

the worst in memory; and acute hardship was only relieved by an elaborate inter-Services relief scheme called "Operation Snowdrop," in which R.A.F. and Naval aircraft, especially helicopters, were dropped in and able to pick up the injured into hospitals or to those in need of medical attention. The aircraft carrier H.M.S. Glory, which was en route from the Clyde to Rosyth for refitting, was diverted to Loch Eriboll, where she served as a base for the helicopters.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH the common ivy, *Hedera helix*, is one of the most beautiful of our native British evergreen shrubs, and at the same time one of the most beautiful of all hardy

evergreen climbers, we are far too apt to regard it as a menace, or even as a bit of a bore. Of course it's a menace. What tree or shrub isn't, if you plant it or allow it to grow in the wrong place? And what a versatile thing it is. Content to assume the curse put upon the serpent, "upon thy belly shalt thou go," it enjoys creeping, far and wide, especially in shady places under trees. Then, when it comes to a tree-trunk, a wall or a building, it takes to a little climbing exercise for a change. Up it goes, like any orchard thief or cat burglar. At last, having reached a certain height, or the top of its tree or wall, it changes its whole habit and appearance. It branches out and away from its supporting host with 2- or 3-ft. shrubby branches, which eventually produce flower-heads and clusters of berries.

The leaves of the ivy in its creeping and its earlier climbing stages are most beautiful in outline. I was on the point of describing them as "ivy-shaped," and truly that is the easiest and most descriptive description I can think of. But when the plant reaches its "tree" or shrubby state, the leaves become greatly simplified in outline, and rather less decorative. This, however, is compensated for by the heads of



OF THE TWO DWARF IVIES SUITABLE FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN "I PREFERRED *HEDEA CONGLOMERATA*, WHICH FORMED A DENSE MASS OF ERECT-GROWING 18-IN. STEMS, WITH TINY LEAVES ARRANGED NEATLY AND CLOSELY IN OPPOSITE ROWS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM." [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]

greenish-yellow flowers, followed by hemispherical heads of black berries, both of which have very great decorative charm.

Some weeks ago I looked into a florist's window and saw a winter arrangement consisting largely of evergreen leaves, some scarlet berries and some sprays of ivy berry heads. The ivy berries had been treated with silver paint. I was astonished and slightly horrified to find myself mildly admiring this somewhat decadent conceit. But then perhaps my mind had become unhinged by the prevailing over-commercialised Christmas atmosphere. As ground cover under trees, especially where grass grows poorly, or not at all, ivy is quite

IVY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

invaluable, and such ivy-covered ground makes the perfect setting for snowdrops and the little hardy cyclamen, such as *C. neapolitanum* and its snow-white variety, *C. coum*, and the fragrant *C. europaeum*, as well as bluebells, the Lenten hellebores, and the handsome *Helleborus corsicus*. Such ivy-covered ground has the advantage of looking after itself, never needing mowing and seldom weeding. A nut-grove of hazels or cob nuts, or a nut avenue, carpeted with ivy, is said to be bad husbandry, but it can be a charming garden feature. There was just such an ivied nut grove—a small one—in an old garden which I once occupied for a few years. It may have been bad husbandry, but the wide clumps of snowdrops were superb, and the trees produced as many cob nuts as we cared to harvest, or as the squirrels were able to steal.

The question of how much damage ivy may do to trees and buildings is an ancient and a vexed one. My own opinion is that, up to a point, a mantle of ivy does little or no damage to the trunk and the main branches of a forest tree. The root-like growths by which the ivy clings are not true roots, but merely convenient gadgets to assist the clinging. They are purely adventitious, and in no way parasitic. They take nothing from the host tree. Only the true roots in the soil below take in nourishment. I said, up to a point the ivy does not harm the tree. That point is reached and passed when the ivy gets among the upper, smaller branches and begins to smother the leaf-bearing twigs. It is best, therefore, to keep an eye on forest, hedgerow and specimen trees, and stop any too enterprising ivies that start climbing the trunks, and gently but firmly sever their stems at ground-level before they become so big and beautiful that it seems a shame to destroy them. At that stage—say, a height of six or a dozen feet—stopping them is a light and easy task, but if left to get well away, stopping and stripping the ivy can become quite a formidable labour.

Of course, there are many trees which would look better clothed in an all-over mantle of ivy than in naked ill-health, shall we say. As to ivy on walls, houses and other buildings, that is almost purely a matter of taste and convenience. It is said that ivy does no damage to walls, and even protects them from the weather. It is said, too, that a mantle of ivy tends to keep a house cool in summer and warm in winter. That sounds feasible. But what an infuriating pest chattering nesting sparrows in ivy near one's bedroom-window can be. In any case, ivy on the walls of a house is best grown as definite panels, and on no account should they be allowed to reach up to the gutters, the roofing-tiles or slates.

There are many different kinds of ivy in cultivation to choose from, some of which are classed as distinct species. Others are varieties of common ivy, with silver- or gold-variegated leaves, or leaves of distinctive shape. Some of these are grown as climbers, but others are derived from the bush or tree stage which ivies assume when

they have reached the top of the tree—or wall. Specimens propagated from ivy in the tree stage remain permanently bushy in habit, and are therefore grown as bushes.

There are several forms of ivy which have very large leaves, but, personally, I much prefer the climbing and the "tree" forms of the common ivy, *Hedera helix*, to any of the large-leaved ones. The leaves of the largest have a dull, cold, forbidding appearance. They look as though they had been cut out of mackintosh, sombre green instead of black mackintosh. There is a



WHEN THE UPPER BRANCHES OF IVY BECOME ARBORESCENT "THE LEAVES BECOME GREATLY SIMPLIFIED IN OUTLINE AND RATHER LESS DECORATIVE. THIS, HOWEVER, IS COMPENSATED FOR BY THE HEADS OF GREENISH-YELLOW FLOWERS, FOLLOWED BY HEMISPERICAL HEADS OF BLACK BERRIES, BOTH OF WHICH HAVE VERY GREAT DECORATIVE CHARM." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

very attractive ivy, *Hedera chrysocarpa*, which has yellow berries. It is a native of South Europe. I saw it last, fruiting magnificently, along the top of a high wall in a garden at Mentone. I brought home cuttings of it, which struck quite easily. Later, planted in the open in my garden in Hertfordshire, the plants all died during the first hard winter. Whether this species is normally tender in this country I do not know, but its death at Stevenage rather suggests that it is not always reliable here. Which is a pity.

There are two dwarf ivies which I used to grow as rock-garden evergreens. Their names are *Hedera conglobata* and *Hedera conglobata prostrata*. Of the two, I preferred plain *conglobata*, which formed a dense mass of erect-growing 18-in. stems, with tiny leaves arranged neatly and closely in opposite rows from top to bottom. *Hedera conglobata prostrata*, on the other hand, grew as a low dwarf huddle of stems and leaves, never rising to a height of more than 6 or 8 ins.

In the U.S.A. ivy is not hardy in the open, in the colder States at any rate. But the climbing ivy is grown a great deal as a room plant. Grown in pots, its long stems are trained up the walls, round the fireplace or over the windows. But in this country it is the rarest thing in the world to see ivy grown in this way. During the last year or two, however, I have seen one variety of ivy exhibited at Chelsea Flower Show, and elsewhere among collections of parlour plants. Its name was *H. h. var. cristata* or "Holly"; and it was a most attractive small shrub, erect in habit, with fresh green "ivy-shaped" leaves which were curiously crimped along their edges. I can not help thinking that medium to small "tree" ivies, both green-leaved and silver and gold variegated, would be welcomed by room gardeners in this country. If ivies will stand up to the central heating in American homes they would surely revel in our too often too chilly rooms. They would be a change from the ubiquitous palms and "parlour palms," the *Ficus elastica* and the *Dracaena*. With their tree-like habit these "tree" varieties should be capable of becoming true veterans, real "old retainers," heirlooms—family pets.

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ROMANTIC, INSPIRED, TOPOGRAPHICAL: ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS AT NORWICH.



"VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL, SURREY"; BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS (1752-1797), A VERY LATE DRAWING. (Water-colour; 14½ by 20½ ins.) (Mr. Edward Croft-Murray.)



"L'ARICCIA"; BY FRANCIS TOWNE (c. 1740-1816). SIGNED "LARICE JULY 11, 1781
FRANCIS TOWNE DELT." (Pen and water-colour; 12½ by 18½ ins.) (British Museum.)



"A MILL IN ESSEX," FORMERLY CALLED "THE OLD MILL AT STANSTEAD, ESSEX"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). (Water-colour; 17 by 23½ ins.) (Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.)



"SOUTH VIEW OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL"; BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851), (Water-colour; 20 by 26½ ins.) (Birmingham City Art Gallery.)



"DURHAM CATHEDRAL"; BY JOHN SELL COTMAN. PROBABLY EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1806. (Water-colour; 17½ by 13½ ins.) (British Museum.)



"GRETA BRIDGE"; BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842). SIGNED J. S. COTMAN 1810. (Water-colour; 11½ by 19½ ins.) (Norwich Museums' Collection: Colman Bequest.)

AN exceptionally interesting Exhibition of English Water-colours, c. 1750-c. 1820, opened recently at Norwich Castle Museum and will continue until February 20. The works on view have been chosen so that the art of John Sell Cotman can be studied in relation to the development of water-colour painting in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Prominence has been given to the leading water-colourists of that period, specially to Francis Towne, J. R. Cozens, Thomas Girtin and J. M. W. Turner; and the works generously lent from public and private collections include some of the finest achievements in the history of English water-colour drawing. The diversity of style and subject make the exhibition both attractive and illuminating. Three aspects of English water-colour drawings are particularly illustrated—the topographical scene, greatly favoured during the eighteenth century, when many artists were influenced by Canaletto, who visited England between 1746-55; the inspiration of landscape; and the romantic vision of individual artists. After the turn of the century, Girtin, Cotman and Turner, to quote from the introduction to the catalogue, "burst into new moods in their use of imagination and ability to capture atmosphere." The original inspiration behind the formation of the exhibition came from Sir Edmund Bacon, who has lent a number of works; and the Queen has graciously allowed four drawings from Windsor Castle to be included. Mr. Hugh Agnew, Mr. Paul Oppé, Mr. Edward Croft-Murray, Dr. Mary Goodall, and other experts have also helped in the organisation of this important loan collection.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is apparently an axiom that the historical novel cannot be saved by works. Good works it can, admittedly, produce; but though the list stretched out to the crack of doom, doubtless the genre would be as far from grace as ever. Critics would scorn it just the same, and more remarkably would go on talking of it as *vieux jeu*. But then, some of them say that all fiction is "finished." In which case, the historical variety may be long dead: though what one seems to notice is resurgence, and a wave of excellence. And that all over Europe, and in every style. "The Fourteenth of October," by Bryher (Collins; 10s. 6d.), springs from our native earth, and has Dame Edith Sitwell as its guarantor. In general, one may prefer new books to stand on their own feet—here I would rather quote than cavil. "This," says Dame Edith, "is a most strange, and, to me, extremely beautiful book . . . full of word-magic, of the magic of a dream (but a dream that has been experienced, not only imagined). . . . The author is the only person I have ever known who has made me believe in the possibility of a previous existence. For I believe this book to be the record . . . of a memory."

One need not assent literally; but anyone who fails to share, or at least understand the feeling will be no less impervious to the "word-magic," and variable singing murmur. Besides this quality of song and dream, there are two points that may suggest experience rather than fancy. One is the lack of all fuss about "period": of antiquarian anxiety, and of debate on whether the old Saxons should be just like us, or radically other. Here they are just like us—only they don't show it by talking slang. It is exciting, doomsday—a vision of the time when Europe was enslaved by a "new order," and when the English lost their freedom in a day. But it is natural and intermittent. At first, Wulf is a boy in Yorkshire; for years the Danish raiders have been harrying unchecked, and now he falls into their power. Then, three years later, he is in Rollo's Norman castle. He was bought to look after the dogs; and he has had his glimpse of the "new Europe." Then comes escape; then, five years afterwards, the doom is full. This is the distraught year of the comet, of King Edward's death, of liberty not so much lost as fooled away. Hastings might be a battle in the clouds; for Wulf, it is all din and aftermath. Yet he has still time to be free—in far Byzantium, where his "last battle and his howe" wait on a visionary mountain-crest.

Wulf is a poet and seer, and his whole story is a poem. But it has yet another face. What the historical novel can do best—better than any other form of narrative—is to reflect the modern world-picture, not transiently but in essence. And here, what struck Dame Edith Sitwell as a "memory" seemed to me first of all a transposition of the biographical note.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Imperfect Marriage," by Edith de Born (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), is a "war story" of a more literal and private type, with an unusual slant. In the beginning, Louise de Castillac and Roger Warnier seem to have made the perfect match. It is not like to like; the Castillacs are "noble," countrified and poor, despising trade, delighting in philosophy and conversation, while Roger comes from the bleak north, and is a young captain of industry. Yet, right away, they achieve blissful and complete accord. Tourbaix, though drab, is not depressing to Louise, who gives her heart to her new duties. Indeed, the Warnier clan find her too busy and compassionate; but Roger approves heartily. The one cloud is the threat of war, and they regard this shadow as external. Neither suspects that it may breach their union from within. And yet they might suspect; for they have seen how people change, how unknown weaknesses can find them out.

And with the war it is their turn. The endless years pass by, and they are reunited, seemingly unhurt. But Roger, safe back from his prison camp, is a changed man. Yes, he does love her—but he has ceased to desire women. It is something he can't help, can they not try to make the best of it?

In support of this main theme, we have the rival Warnier "aunts," Cloclo and Bijou, with their now sainted Alexandre and their contrasted war policy, the vicissitudes of Charles de Castillac, and the unsavoury, aesthetic figure of his friend Olivier. A distinguished background; a tale not thrilling, but refined and just.

"Mine Is the Power," by Eleanor Dunbar Hall (Arthur Barker; 10s. 6d.), starts off in the same way, with the marriage of a poor young beauty to a northern industrialist. But there all contact ends. This is the English north, and Emma Leigh has no background to speak of—only a shiftless, predatory mother. Jonathan Hope falls in with them by chance, when Emma is thirteen, he a responsible and sober twenty-seven. But she is lovely; and a few years afterwards, he marries her. The Hopes, an outsize clan, receive her dubiously but with kindness. And she can see they are good people; this is a good, rich life, and Emma fervently resolves to be good too. There is no harm in the girl; but she has not much sense or self-command. And Jonathan soon tires of "moulding" her. So when, after a life of fatal silliness and cruel penance, she gets a chance of hitting back, nothing can move her to forbear. A lively, plausible, and sympathetic little-drama.

"Man Missing," by M. G. Eberhart (Collins; 10s. 6d.), starts with the well-known Sarah Keate on temporary duty at a naval hospital. The scene is Wanaha, an ammunition dépôt in the desert; the curtain rises at dead of night, on silent, white-walled corridors, and "something wrong"—which presently eventuates as a young officer with his throat cut. Suspects abound; there is hysteria in the base, and huge stocks of explosive waiting to blow up. . . . All this entangled with young love and Sally Wilson, whose husband was killed in a plane crash while carrying a large sum of money, and who is now protecting someone at great personal risk. The author tells us in a foreword that "real people simply do not fit a fictional plot." In some cases, how true. But if you don't mind that, or the extremely disappointing criminal—well, M. G. Eberhart still stands alone in her own sphere.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF "L. G."

MR. FRANK OWEN'S eagerly awaited life of Lloyd George, which appears under the title of "Tempestuous Journey" (Hutchinson; 25s.), is an exciting and stimulating book for anyone with an interest in the history of our times. While it cannot, I think, be called the definitive life of Lloyd George—for there are some strange gaps in Mr. Owen's narrative and his assessment of the chief character—it will nevertheless be for many years both a monument to Mr. Owen's hero, and a quarry for other historians. I must confess to having approached it with a hostile prejudice common to all Irishmen of whatever party—for Lloyd George achieved the remarkable feat of letting down each set of protagonists, in the unhappy story of Ireland's achievement of nationhood, in turn. I was not attracted either by the character of "L. G." as a peace-time politician. Mr. Owen clearly shows that all that fine moral indignation which was poured into the "Slimehouse" speeches was carefully calculated, and regarded by "L. G." as part of a game, the goal of which was power. Again and again, during and after the break-up of the Coalition, you find him considering with his friends whether he should go Right, Left or Centre. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that this sort of thing should be decided by reference to principle and personal beliefs, and not by a nice calculation as to how many Coalition Liberals, Socialists or Bonar Law Tories would have to be collected in order to keep a man in power. Yet, of course, as a war-leader he was *primus inter pares* with Sir Winston and the Younger Pitt. Indeed, as Mr. Owen points out, his political difficulties on the home front were incomparably greater than Sir Winston's. Sir Winston was not merely the leader of a Party with an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, but had been called to power by the united wishes of all Members of Parliament. "L. G." had fought his way to power by intrigue—an intrigue which had bitterly alienated a large proportion of his own party. Thus it was that while he had to fight the Germans and his own incredible generals, he also had to keep a wary eye on a large section of the Conservative Party, which cordially disliked and distrusted him, and a large section of the Liberal Party, to whom his very name was anathema. That he was able to overcome all these difficulties and to lead the nation from the verge of defeat to a resounding victory is the measure of his greatness, and was in no small part due to the qualities of his defects—to the suppleness of mind of the adroit politician and the pugnacity of the "bonny fechter." The story of the Peace Conference is a less happy one, and I cannot help adding my own exclamation mark to this passage: "... only about 2 per cent of the people of Europe were placed by the Treaty of Versailles under a sovereignty which they disliked. Few Peace Treaties in history have approached this record, and the Congress of Vienna, 1815, which had been the last great 'Settlement of Europe,' does not come within comparison!" The difference between the Vienna Treaties and the "Peace which passeth all understanding" was that the settlement imposed by the former lasted without a world conflagration for nearly a hundred years, whereas the latter provoked a world conflict within twenty. However, I should be giving a false impression of the enjoyment I derived from this book if I were to conclude on a carping note. It is brilliantly written, the facts are excellently marshalled, and the story is told with a zest which would have appealed, I feel sure, to "L. G." himself.

It is interesting, by contrast, to turn from a man who was almost wholly without principle to one who seems to be wholly compact of it. This latter is Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., whose biography has been written by Mr. Russell Braddon under the title of "Cheshire V.C." (Evans; 12s. 6d.). Before the war Group-Captain Cheshire seems to have been a very ordinary, high-spirited young man enjoying himself immensely at Stowe and Oxford. He joined the Oxford University Air Squadron, and was not, as he confesses, an extremely good pilot—though I find it hard to believe his repeated assertions that he was still not a very good pilot at a time when he had done a hundred missions and was the most famous figure in Bomber Command. His war-time experiences are excellently told by Mr. Braddon, but the interesting part of the book, to my mind, really begins at the point where Group-Captain Cheshire, flying with Sir William Penny, the atomic scientist, in the American plane which dropped the first atomic bomb on Nagasaki, suffered an emotional experience which was to change his whole life. This, with the tuberculosis which he suffered, and his conversion to the Catholic faith, and the remarkable work for others which he is still undertaking, have gone to make a man whom Lloyd George, while he would have praised him in public, could not possibly have understood in private.

A delightful piece of special pleading is contained in "The Victorian Home," by Ralph Dutton (Batsford; 30s.). I suppose it was inevitable that there should be a reaction in favour of our Victorian ancestors because, apart from the fact that we all have a little of the old Betjeman in us, to us, in our unhappy, uncertain world, the solidity and stability of Victorian England cannot but have an attraction. Mr. Dutton takes us through the Victorian age in all its aspects, but principally its architecture, furniture and interior decoration. As he points out, for at least the first three decades, eighteenth-century standards of elegant taste and austere balance still obtained. Mid-Victorianism saw, however, the cult of the asymmetrical in architecture and the heavy Gothic abominations and lavish ornamentation which delighted our grandfathers. By the '80s, under the influence of William Morris, the worst was over, so that by the turn of the century, civilisation was once more coming into its own.

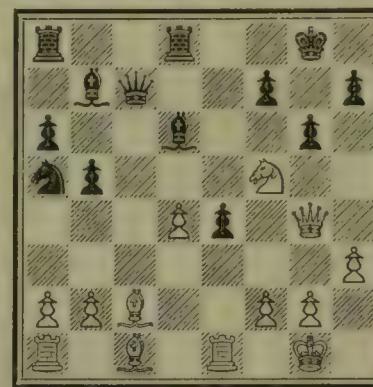
Mr. J. C. Trewin has a literary output of such pleasing proportions that I hardly seem to have ceased admiring one excellent volume before another appears on my desk. His tenth volume of "Plays of the Year" (Elek; 18s.) is the latest arrival. Once more there is a deft introduction by my favourite theatre critic, and I leave it to you to examine and approve his choice.

The Regional Books are as prolific and as excellent as Mr. Trewin's. The latest, "The Vale of Pewsey," by H. W. Timperley (Hale; 18s.), deals fittingly with one of the loveliest parts of England—the heart of the Wiltshire downland.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE best play does not always earn the best publicity. Full many a gem, etc. "A long game between Unzicker and Pachman was adjourned after 74 moves with good winning chances for Unzicker," is all *The Times* had to say about the game in the Hastings Premier Tournament which included this delightful skirmish:



Black, who has just played 19... P-Kt3 to counter the threat of mate, unquestionably felt that his KP was too "hot" to take. But . . .

20. B×P R-K1

Threatening 21... B×B; 22. R×B, R×R; 23. Q×R, P×Kt.

21. B-R6!

We now see that 21... B×B can be answered by 22. Kt×B!

Black finds a move which eliminates this possibility and revives the pin on the bishop in the middle of the board, for now White's KR is threatened twice:

21. B-Kt5

22. B×B! Kt×B

22... R×Rch; 23. R×R, R-Kt1 leaves two white pieces *en prise* but 24. B-Q5, B×R; 25. B-KB4 seems good enough for White; Black cannot retain the guard on his rook without catastrophe.

Now you would expect something peaceful like 23. KR-B1 but Unzicker goes happily into further complications first.

23. Q-R4 F-B3

Neither 23... B×R; 24. Q-B6! nor 23... R×Rch; 24. R×R, B×R; 25. Kt-K7ch, K-R1; 26. Q-B6ch will do.

Now, however, Black threatens 23... P×Kt as well as 23... B×R, so even Unzicker's ardour is mitigated by caution.

24. KR-QB1 Q-B2

25. Q-Kt3 QR-B1

26. R×R R×R

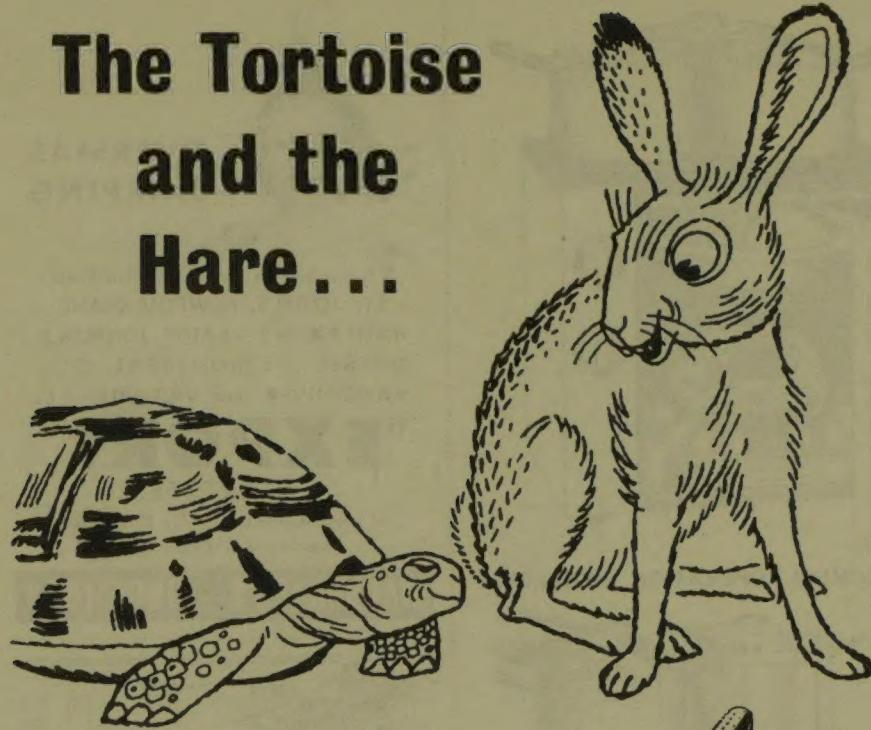
27. R-QB1 R×Rch

28. B×R Q-Q4

28... Q×P; 29. Q-Kt8ch would be unwise. So White has emerged from the complications a pawn up—and a nice central pawn, and "passed" at that—added to which Pachman's troubles have left him terribly short of time.

An easy win for Unzicker? Not a bit of it! Pachman put up a most stubborn resistance, and after 6½ hours' more play, on move 84, Unzicker had reluctantly to satisfy himself with a draw. Could anything more vividly demonstrate the gruelling toughness of modern master chess?

The Tortoise and the Hare...



... decided to race to Paris. "I'll be there first!"

boasted Hare, and off he ran.

But when he arrived in Paris,
Tortoise was already there,
sipping an aperitif.

"Hey!" panted Hare, "How were you so quick?"

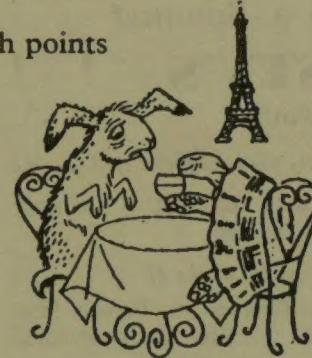
Tortoise laughed.

"I caught a
train," he said.

... Which points

the moral
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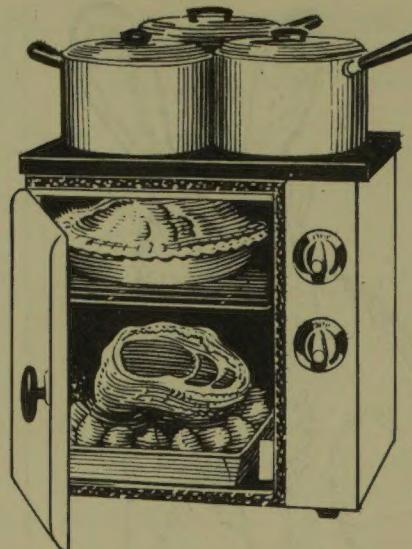
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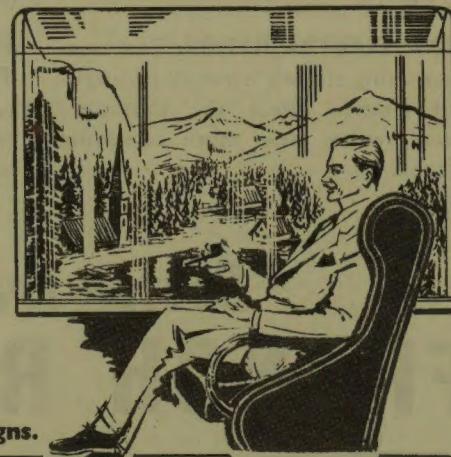
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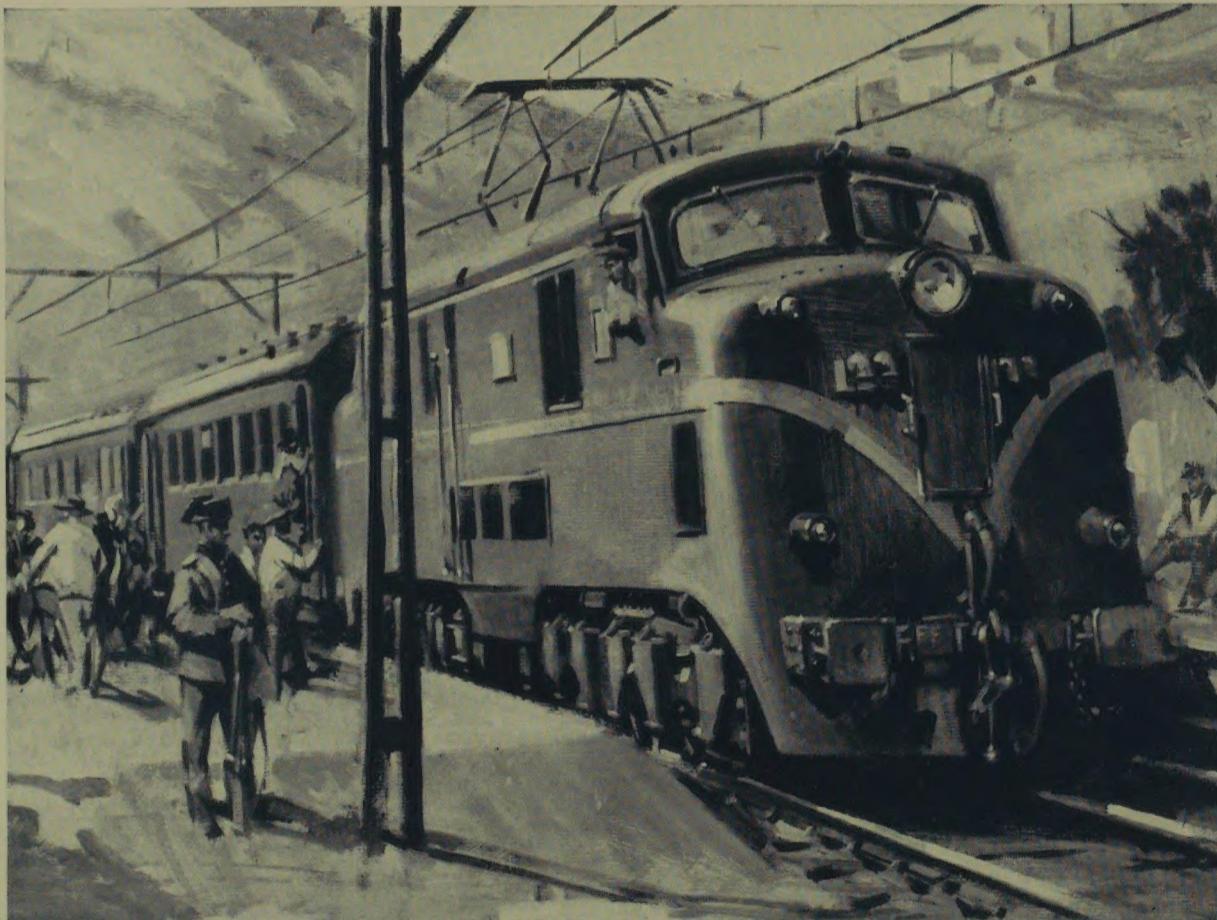


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